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#### NATURALIZATION AND EXPATRIATION.

THE arrest and trial of naturalized American citizens in Ireland for participation in the Fenian conspiracy have very naturally revived the interest of the people and the Congress of the United States in a subject of the deepest importance to a large proportion of their citizens. Notwithstanding some expressions in the report of the committee which has framed the Bill for the protection of naturalized Americans travelling or residing in foreign States, and one or two of the speeches during the debate upon it in the House of Representatives, there is no reason to regard the measure as an unfriendly act towards England or to anticipate that it will give rise to any international difficulties, if it be met by this and other European nations in a spirit of fairness and of readiness to recognise the exigencies of modern society. When it is borne in mind that out of the thirty-five million inhabitants of the United States, twenty-two millions are either immigrants or the descendants of immigrants, it is evidently most desirable, both in the interest of their adopted countries and of the countries which they or their forefathers have left, that no doubt should exist as to the quarter in which their allegiance is due, or as to the State upon which devolves the duty and responsibility of protecting them in case of outrage. Our attention is for the present more particularly directed to the real or supposed inconvenience of allowing a foreign Government to interfere on behalf of native-born subjects who may have become naturalized abroad, but it is not difficult to imagine at least as much inconvenience arising from our being called upon to defend such persons or to answer for their acts. The theory of indefeasible allegiance to the land of a man's birth is obviously unsuited to a time when business, taste, or the hope of bettering their condition are constantly inducing a large and increasing number of persons to emigrate from one country to another, without the slightest intention of reverting to their original domicile. As that theory has been supplemented by our own statute law, which confers the character of British subject upon the foreign-born sons and grandsons, if not the remoter descendants, of Englishmen, it is so obviously untenable, that no one attempts to maintain it by argument, and no Government would, at the present time, think of acting upon it. We are at present the only European Power which denies the right of expatriation to its citizens, and for that reason, indeed, if for no other, it is desirable that we should modify or abandon a doctrine which has no countenance from the existing usage of nations. At the same time, we cannot help saying that the United States is the last country in the world which has a right to take us roughly to task on the matter. It may now suit the purposes of the Committee of Congress on Foreign Affairs to deny the fact, but nothing is more clear than that the law of the United States is the same as our own on this subject. Until the year 1859 the Cabinet of Washington always refused to interfere on behalf of any naturalized American citizens who returned to the country of their birth; and we have the high authority of Kent for saying that no native-born American can, without the permission of his Government, to be declared by law, cast off his allegiance to the United States. It is true that in the year we have just mentioned Mr. Cass, the Secretary of State, asserted that "the doctrine of perpetual allegiance is a relic of barbarism, repudiated by the United States ever since the origin

of their Government;" but he never gave any proof of the assertion, nor is any capable of being offered; and it is needless to say that neither international nor municipal law can be made or unmade by a mere diplomatic declaration.

Under these circumstances it would certainly have been a singularly high-handed proceeding if Congress had assumed summarily to set aside the claims of England, or other European States, upon the allegiance of their native-born subjects. But although the early part of the first section of the Bill does appear to go that length, by declaring "that all naturalized citizens of the United States, while in foreign States, shall be entitled to and receive from this Government the same protection of person and property that is accorded to native-born citizens in like situations and circumstances," it is tolerably clear from the succeeding words, which empower the President "to use the influence and authority of the Government to secure the recognition abroad of the principles of *public law* which have been insisted upon and maintained by the Government of the United States in regard to the rights of naturalized citizens," that the main object of the measure is to obtain by diplomatic action a settlement of the international doctrine on the subject in the sense advocated by the United States. No independent nation could, indeed, allow another to dictate the conditions on which it should relinquish its claim to the allegiance of its citizens. The State from which the emigrant proceeds has as much right to fix the terms of expatriation as the State to which he proceeds has to fix the terms of adoption or naturalization; and it would evidently be a flagrant violation of international law, which is based upon the assumption that all States are equally independent and sovereign, if one were to assume to dictate to another upon a point within its own jurisdiction. It would of course be possible for each pair of States to settle by treaty between themselves on what terms those citizens who pass from one into the other should be allowed to cast off their old and assume a new allegiance. But it would obviously be most unsatisfactory, and even in some circumstances actually inconvenient, to have a number of different rules on the subject; to have, for instance, one rule as between England and the United States, another as between England and France, and a third between France and the United States. The theory and practice of the whole civilized world should be brought into harmony by the adoption of a complete and common code defining, so far as international rights and duties go, the conditions on which the transfer of allegiance can be made. This can, of course, only be done by a conference of representatives of all the Powers interested, and we cannot see why there should be any insuperable difficulty either in convoking such a body or in bringing its labours to a satisfactory issue. Most States, as we have already remarked, do already admit the principle of expatriation; we, who have not hitherto done so, are prepared to make the concession; and under these circumstances nothing would remain but to settle the details of a scheme. Here, again, there would, so far as we can see, be no important difference of object between the various States. It is for the interest of all—of the United States as much as any one—to prevent any fraudulent transfers of allegiance; that is to say, to prevent a person going through the process of expatriation from one country and of naturalization in another, without a *bond-side*

intention of becoming and remaining a citizen of the latter State. It would be absurd to suppose, for instance, that the United States would convert Irishmen into American citizens in order that they may return in that character to Ireland as Fenian conspirators. While they wish to protect genuine citizens, they cannot wish to be burdened with any responsibility for the acts of those whom they would probably call "bogus" citizens; nor can we imagine that any other nation would have a different feeling. If that be the case, it would surely not be a very onerous task to frame regulations as to residence, as to official declarations, as to proper records of the fact of expatriation and naturalization, which would fully meet the object in view—effectually preventing any clashing of rival national claims, and removing any doubts as to the actual *status* of the individual.

While, however, we fully admit the importance of arriving at an international settlement of the question, we cannot at the same time help observing that very exaggerated and erroneous ideas seem to prevail, especially in the United States, as to the effect of abandoning the principle of indelible allegiance, and substituting for it the practice of expatriation and of complete naturalization under certain fixed conditions. In time of war the change would, of course, relieve a man who was fighting on behalf of his adopted against his original country from any liability to be dealt with as a traitor; but it would not in time of peace relieve him from any liability to the municipal laws of the latter country if he offended against them after coming within its jurisdiction. Apart from our statute with regard to the trial of a foreigner by a mixed jury—which, being a municipal law, might be repealed to-morrow without any other State having the right to say a word on the subject—it would have made no difference to any one of the Fenian conspirators who have been tried and sentenced in Ireland whether he had been recognised as an American or treated as a British citizen. It is confessedly no more permitted to a foreigner than to a native to conspire against a State or to excite rebellion amongst its subjects, within its own territory; and although there is a popular idea in the United States that against an American citizen arrested on British soil words spoken and acts done abroad cannot be given in evidence in proof of a conspiracy which he was arrested in the act of carrying out in England, that is a notion that will meet with no countenance from any lawyer, and the fallacy of which has already been exposed by one of the leading American journals. When there is an overt act done in a country, the municipal law of that country will take full cognisance of it, and will deal with the perpetrator without regard to his nationality. It is, however, not so generally recognised that a State may punish not only its own subjects, but foreigners, for crimes committed against it abroad by persons who afterwards come within its jurisdiction. And although we fully agree with the arguments of a well-known writer on the abstract right of a State to do this, we do not think that it would be desirable to insist or act upon it. Any advantage which might now and then be gained would be a poor compensation for the irritation which would arise between independent States if any were to claim a right to exercise extra-territorial jurisdiction on the ground of that other abstract right on which "Historicus" insists so strongly—the right of each nation to treat aliens just as it pleases. It may be that we are still a victim to those prejudices of professional education which that "very superior person" has overcome, but we confess to an opinion that on this point, at any rate, we had better adhere to the maxims of our insular jurisprudence. If we do this, while surrendering the principle of the indelibility of allegiance, we may lose the chance of now and then punishing an offence against us begun and ended in a foreign country; but that is surely a matter of no great importance. A gentleman who conspires against us abroad, and then comes to England, will generally afford us a chance of laying hold of him for something done within our own territory. We should certainly be amply compensated for the loss of a few heads of criminal game of this kind by avoiding all causes of quarrel arising out of disputed nationality with our kinsmen across the Atlantic, and by contributing to a permanent and satisfactory settlement of an important international question. We therefore trust and believe that if any overtures are made to us by the Government of the United States for a fair consideration and arrangement of this question, they will be met by Lord Stanley in the frankest and most friendly spirit; and that our action will be entirely unhampered by old feudal theories, by comparatively modern legislation, or by pretensions which may be based on a philosophical view of jurisprudence, but which are, nevertheless, both new-fangled and mischievous.

#### THE IRISH ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

THEIR was something almost pathetic in the complete and disastrous failure of the late meeting in Dublin for the upholding of the Established Church. It would have been wiser for the supporters of that institution to have kept us in ignorance of their weakness and insignificance. Many persons in this country believed that a great deal of the wealth and intelligence of Ireland could be placed as a set-off against the bare force of numbers in this question, but the demonstration to which we refer puts that matter at rest. We may now accept it as a fact that the Irish Established Church is a thing regarded as an evil by those who are bound to it by collateral sympathies, and that it has no friends save a few faithful believers in obsolete bigotries, and upholders of such historical sentiments as the Battle of the Boyne and No Popery. The Central Protestant Defence Association put forth their most active energies on this occasion. The preliminary convention at Hillsborough proving unsuccessful, it was thought that a move to the metropolis of Ireland, and a vigorous whipping-in of patrons would bring about a more imposing display—but the association literally reckoned without its host. The correspondent of a contemporary enables us to arrive at a true estimate of the representative value of the assembly. In Ireland, he says, there is one duke; his name is not appended to the resolutions. Out of twelve marquises but three have signed them. Of sixty-seven earls thirteen attach their names. Out of forty-two viscounts four appear on the list. Out of seventy-two barons seventeen patronize this movement, and the sum total is, that out of 194 Irish peers only *thirty-seven* have joined the Protestant Defence Association. When we come to members of Parliament the new bulwark of the State does not seem to be better off. Out of 105 members only 33 encourage the gentlemen who are anxious to maintain the Established Church in its sphere of integrity and usefulness.

Therefore we may consider this concern to have broken down on the very threshold of its action. It should be wide spread and unanimous, if anything. It is neither wide spread nor unanimous. The Presbyterians kept away from it. Most intelligent Protestants would have nothing to do with it. As shown by the above statistics, the "rank and wealth" claimed to be on the side of its organizer, utterly ignored it. We might therefore allow it to die out of itself without comment, but that we believe there is a sort of mischievous vitality in Ireland for polemical perplexities, and that the Protestant Defence Association will continue to talk, and to advertise, and to agitate, as long as a chairman can be got, and an interest sustained on the subject. It may be, therefore, worth while to glance for a moment at some of the speeches delivered on the occasion.

Of course, the chairman opened by saying that they had met for no party or political purpose. In order to indicate how consistently he was prepared to hold this position, he immediately speaks of the glorious revolution of 1688, and elicits from his audience a round of what is termed "Kentish fire." The tone of his speech afterwards was a pitiable demand for mercy on the score of old promises. The speaker alluded to an agreement with Castlereagh and various other pledges made from time to time by which he conceives we are to be bound. He might as well have demanded why we repealed the penal laws, which were expressly enacted to assist our Government and that part of the Constitution which cannot be spoken of without evoking "Kentish fire." The Established Church has proved itself so great a mischief that we cannot hold ourselves bound by any contract of our predecessors to maintain it no more than we feel ourselves bound by their laws to hang Roman Catholic clergymen. Lord Cranmore's resolution, that "Ireland shall be dealt with, not as a separate country, but as an integral part of the United Kingdom," was strangely at variance with the very principle of partial legislation which urged this meeting. Would we permit in England so monstrous a job as the Established Church? Are we treating Ireland as an "integral" part of the kingdom by taxing it to support what it does not want? The talk about aggressions on Protestant liberties and Protestant constitution was sheer nonsense. Protestantism will be the better for the removal of this scandal. Its missionary efforts and missionary character have been degraded and interfered with by its continuance. We should oppose the irrational and ridiculous claims of Bishop Moriarty to "all the ecclesiastical property in the country" just as stoutly and just as determinedly as we do the claims of the Establishment, but we cannot acknowledge that we have to choose between them. Churches should live of themselves and by the support and patronage of their believers. Lord Oranmore's conclusion that

the Roman Catholic hierarchy should listen to the voice of reason will scarcely be received with much respect by those to whom it was addressed, coming from such a platform. Colonel Knox Gore put the case of his party on a more distinct basis. "If the rent-charge which was paid by eight-ninths of the Protestant proprietors of Ireland were a charge to repay the cost of embankments to protect their land from flood, would any Parliament dare to alienate it, and let their lands be submerged?" From this figure of rhetoric we are to understand that the Establishment has not only been a blessing to us, but a safeguard and a protection. Its history does not show this. It has been identified constantly and persistently with those policies of which we now confess ourselves thoroughly ashamed. It is ready for the same work to-morrow, and until we clear it out of our path, and not listen to the pleas made for it, unless they show more rational substance than those made at the late demonstration, we must despair of doing anything for Ireland. We observe a letter in the *Daily News*, directing attention to the fact that the attempt to bring the Dissenters into the organization was entirely unsuccessful. "Every speaker," we are told, "who addressed the meeting was a member of the State Church." It is distinctly stated, and we have the best grounds for believing the statement, that the majority of the Presbyterians and Wesleyans in Ireland are as anxious for the disendowment of the Establishment as Roman Catholics. We should be more anxious than either. With us it ought to be a pure question of policy. We cannot agree with Colonel Knox Gore that we have received a commensurate value for our support of the Irish Church. We can sympathize with such Protestants in Ireland as hold an honest conviction that their Church is in danger by a change such as is evidently at hand. But we are convinced that their fears are unwarranted. In the first place, they should recollect that we shall feel bound as strongly as ever, not only to protect their rights, but to keep back the natural aggressiveness of the kind of Roman Catholicism which casts a longing eye upon Church lands and revenues. We know as well as they do that there is a dangerous element in a religion which holds a semi-political, semi-theological relationship with the Pope. There is not the slightest occasion for their dreading that they will be handed over to the patronage or the tolerance of a dominant religion different from ours. But they forget how they vex and irritate the patience and the reason of their best friends in England by persistently holding to a condemned institution which can never—never has, and never will—offer an argument for its right to existence. The last consequence of their meaningless efforts will be to cause a reactionary movement, which will simply precipitate the fate of the Establishment. A few more demonstrations like that of Hillsborough and that of Dublin will make their opponents urge more vigorously and more severely the action of Parliament. If they do not object to this result from their exertions, they may continue the stimulating processes. At present they must be capable of perceiving the manner in which the English press received their "no surrender" announcement. This should be a warning to them.

#### THE WRONGS OF CASHMERE.

THERE has just been published a pamphlet which, unlike most pamphlets, demands attentive consideration. It is written by Mr. Arthur Brinckman, late missionary in Cashmere, and professes to give intelligence about that dependency which the ordinary reader will find sufficiently startling. If the state of things existing in Cashmere is in any way what he represents it to be, it is high time that Sir John Lawrence should bring the Rajah to account; and even that tardy act of justice will scarcely atone to the British public for the wrongs which, according to Mr. Brinckman, have been suffered by a people from a government of our institution. It is obvious, at the outset, that the whole matter rests on the value of Mr. Brinckman's testimony. He anticipates inevitable questions; and replies that he has no personal end to serve in thus making public the abuses which have shocked him. He can expect nothing from Maharajah Rhumber Singh, whom he accuses of being the author of these evils; nor from the British Government, whom he roundly scolds for ever having sold the nominal sovereignty of the province to the father of the present Rajah. On the other hand, he declares he has no personal revenge to gratify, as he was most kindly treated in Cashmere; and that it is not professionally he claims the protection of the British arms for British residents in the dependency. Apart from these declarations, however, the tone of the pamphlet is not that of a man who writes cautiously and insidiously to effect a purpose. Mr. Brinckman writes warmly

and eloquently, taking no care upon whose corns he treads; and we think that the least effect his pamphlet is likely to produce is the demand for a searching inquiry into the actual condition of the country.

The first charge brought against Rhumber Singh is one of general tyranny. The Cashmereg are represented as groaning under their burdens, and beseeching the English to come and rule them instead of the Rajah whom the English placed there. The famines "are not caused, as a general rule, by the failure of the crops, but by the locking up of the grain, by the doling it out in handfuls at exorbitant prices," and by exportation to the hills near Ghilghit. The Government of Cashmere send false reports to the Indian papers of the state of things in Cashmere, and so blind the Viceroy; while the Rajah is taking every means to prevent the introduction of English commerce. Indeed, the Rajah—if what Mr. Brinckman says be correct—seems determined to make a good commercial transaction out of his post, and reimburse himself handsomely for the seven and a half millions of rupees paid by his father. He compels the English residents to purchase provisions from him at a fixed and exorbitant rate; and punishes the natives who venture to interfere with his monopoly. Nor is religious tolerance in a much more satisfactory state. The Rajah, himself a Hindoo, oppresses the Cashmere Mussulmen, and imprisons persons professing to have become converts to Christianity. He will not give the English a site for a church, and reserves to himself the exclusive ownership of the English burying-ground. Altogether things are very bad. Practical, if not nominal, slavery exists everywhere; the Cashmereg, risking punishment if caught, are escaping yearly to English territory; the land, beautiful in itself and capable of extreme cultivation, is running to waste and becoming depopulated; and all this while our Government in India knows nothing of the real condition of matters in this neighbouring province. Such is the story told by Mr. Brinckman. "Here is a theme," he exclaims, "worthy of your eloquence, John Bright—worthy of any man's. . . . Here is a despot with the blood of those on his hands who wished to be your fellow-subjects to a Queen they would love as much as you do. We have been called a nation of shopkeepers—the most cruel bargain we ever made was selling the souls of men. Whether that was justifiable or not, here are the men calling to us now to bear rule over them—slaves praying to us to set them free."

Now, supposing this description of Cashmere to be exactly true, what is Mr. Brinckman's remedy for the abuses of which he speaks? Annexation, simple and swift. He does not seek to suggest any compromise. The immediate cure for all the wrongs of Cashmere is her transference to British rule. Mr. Brinckman arrives at this conclusion by a process of logic which is unhappily familiar to us. It is the old orthodox idea that as the Government of England has been found to be the best Government for England, it must be the best Government for every other country. The corollary of this theory is that as it is the duty of England to achieve the welfare of all her neighbours, she has a right to fix her Government upon any country which she thinks is likely to be benefited by it, and which is not powerful enough to resist the operation. Cashmere suffers, says Mr. Brinckman, under her present Rajah and Durbah; she ought to be emancipated by being placed immediately under the control of Englishmen responsible to the British Parliament. He gives no reasons for advocating this particular change beyond proving that some change is necessary. In one place he says that the statements palmed off upon the Viceroy, the Governor of the Punjab, and the Resident as facts about Cashmere, "are almost too absurd for even their credulity," and directly adds, with a curious *non sequitur*, "and so I can see no remedy but annexation." But Mr. Brinckman must know—if he is not, with most Englishmen, only too anxious to forget—what wrong annexation has already wrought in India; nor can he be quite unaware of the fact that the highest political authorities entirely deprecate such a method of ameliorating the condition of a people like the Cashmereg. "The government of a people by itself," says Mr. Stuart Mill, in his remarkable essay on government, "has a meaning, and a reality; but such a thing as government of one people by another does not and cannot exist. One people may keep another as a warren or preserve for its own use, a place to make money in, a human cattle farm to be worked for the benefit of its own inhabitants." And again, in another well-known passage, "It is not by attempting to rule directly a country like India, but by giving it good rulers, that the English people can do their duty to that country." Maharajah Rhumber Singh is practically as much amenable to the jurisdiction of the British Parliament as the Viceroy of India. When England accepted

seven and a half millions of rupees from his father she did not sell the country, but only the nominal sovereignty of it, reserving to herself, by treaty, absolute supremacy. It is very clear, therefore, that such a deplorable alternative as abrupt annexation is not necessary. Even in such a case, there would arise the need of some provisional and mediatory government, in the appointment of which England might inflict upon the province a worse tyranny than that which she had removed. What is definitely required is the appointment of a native prince who shall, in his own way, and according to the traditions and feelings of the people, rule fairly and justly under British supervision.

The question remains, therefore—is the present Maharajah Rhumber Singh such a prince, or is he a petty tyrant, destroying the country, oppressing its people, and greedy only of his own interests? Mr. Brinckman says he is a tyrant; and we think he has at least established a claim for inquiry—an inquiry which shall be conducted by persons not liable to be hoodwinked by local influences. That the unfortunate condition into which, according to Mr. Brinckman, Cashmere has fallen, can only be remedied by an entire revolution of the relations hitherto existing between the province and this country, we should be sorry to admit; because we fear too much the jobbery that would instantly be attempted were the dependency to be changed into a possession. The audacious and unblushing rapacity which has characterized most of our conquests in India is not a thing to be looked on with approving eyes—certainly not a thing to be repeated if any means can be found to avoid it. We have not the least doubt that if this misgovernment is brought home to Rhumber Singh, Sir John Lawrence will find no difficulty in procuring redress, or in finding a more worthy occupant of the throne. In the mean time, we cannot condemn a man—nor any body of men—unheard. Let the Secretary for India look into these charges; and, if he sees sufficient probability in them to order the institution of a mission of inquiry, the wrongs of Cashmere will be investigated, and, we hope, removed, without such a dangerous experiment as that of annexation.

#### SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

SCIENCE is held to be not generally conducive to long life; but the eminent man whose death is recorded this week was an example of length of days combined with devotion to the study of Nature's laws. Lord Brougham is another instance, still spared to us, and yet more might be cited, proving that the rule (if it exist at all) is not without numerous exceptions. In the case of Lord Brougham, however, science has not been the chief pursuit, or the most powerful influence. Law, statesmanship, and literature, have varied the occupations, and by turns stimulated the mental energies, of the venerable ex-Chancellor, and it may be said that he has fed in many pastures, and tasted the air of many intellectual regions. But Sir David Brewster was almost wholly a scientific man, literature with him being little more than a means of diffusing the knowledge of physical philosophy. From his earliest years he gave himself to the investigation of the material forces of the universe, and of the conditions by which they are regulated, and to the end of his life he devoted his attention mainly to those great subjects. He was, indeed, educated for the Church of Scotland, of which he became a licentiate; but the natural bent of his mind led him in another direction, and it cannot be doubted that he chose that pursuit for which his abilities were the most conspicuously adapted. Brewster, like some of the other able and laborious scientific men of the early part of the present century, was a Scotchman. He was born at Jedburgh, on the 11th of December, 1781, and had consequently entered on his eighty-seventh year when death terminated his labours. When a youth, studying at the University of Edinburgh, he had the advantage of associating with, and being guided by, such men as Robison, the then Professor of Natural Philosophy; Playfair, Professor of Mathematics; and Dugald Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy. The lessons of these celebrated thinkers must have confirmed in him the original disposition of his mind towards exact studies; and we find that his diligence as a student was not long in meeting with recognition. As early as 1800, when he could not have been more than nineteen years of age, if so much, he received from his University the honorary degree of M.A.; in 1807 he received the distinction of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen; and subsequently the degree of A.M. was conferred on him by Cambridge, and that of D.C.L. by Oxford and Durham. While yet at Edinburgh University, Brewster gave great attention to the study of optics; and it is especially in this branch of science that he made his name. Subsequently to quitting the Uni-

versity, and while editing the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia"—a task which extended over two-and-twenty years, viz., from 1808 to 1830—his thoughts were strongly directed towards the subject of lenses, partly by his writing the article on "Burning Instruments" in the Cyclopædia in question, and partly by a suggestion from Buffon to construct a lens out of zones of glass, each of which might be built up out of several circular segments. He proposed the application of this idea to an apparatus consisting of lenses and mirrors, by which the light of the sun could be collected into a burning focus, or condensed into a parallel beam of light. The invention is now used in lighthouses, and is found to produce a much more intense and far-reaching radiance than the ordinary reflectors, so that the danger of shipwreck is proportionately diminished. It took a very long time, however, to bring the invention into actual use. Brewster published a separate treatise on the subject in the year 1812, but it was not until 1833 that our lighthouses were fitted up with the improved apparatus, although Brewster's contrivance was introduced into France at an earlier period by Fresnel. That which finally determined the English authorities to adopt the polyzonal lens was a series of experiments made in Scotland from Calton Hill to Gulan Hill, a distance of twelve miles and a half, which showed that one polyzonal lens, with an argand burner of four concentric circles, gave a light equal to nine parabolic reflectors, each carrying a single argand burner. That France should have anticipated us in the utilization of this admirable discovery, though the credit of the idea belonged mainly to our own countryman, is only one of numerous instances of the strange hold which prescription has acquired over most persons in Great Britain. In no country has science more illustrious servants than in this; but in none, or few, have scientific men greater obstacles to encounter, in the shape, not of persecution, but of a certain dull conservatism of habit, which shrinks instinctively from contact with fresh ideas. Among his many contributions to scientific literature, Sir David wrote a book entitled "The Martyrs of Science," as exemplified in the lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler; and to these he might have added some instances from among his own countrymen. We no longer put people to the rack for opening new regions in the immense territory of knowledge; we no longer subject them to penal consequences, or even to obloquy; but we not unfrequently wear out their hearts by prolonged neglect, or force them to take their inventions to other lands, less oppressed than ours by the weight of routine and the inert stupidity of precedent. Throughout his life, Brewster was more signally recognised by foreign countries than by his own. It was not until 1832 that he was knighted, and he never got beyond that petty distinction, the reward of successful tallow-chandlers who present an address to Royalty. Not, however, for such ends did Brewster work. He was a real devotee of science for its own sake, and his discoveries in the polarization of light, in the analysis of the solar beam, and in the properties of crystals, together with the invention in connection with lighthouses to which we have already alluded, and some others, will hand down his name to posterity as one of the most distinguished investigators into physical laws which the present century has produced. It is to him that we are indebted for that beautiful instrument, the kaleidoscope, and for the no less ingenious spectroscope. The kaleidoscope he gave to the world as long ago as 1816, and, as may be supposed, it became popular at once. Besides presenting a most interesting illustration of optical laws, it has provided the young with a charming and fascinating toy, in which one might suppose some invisible fairy, with a taste for graceful and gorgeous effects, was at work, weaving phantasies of form and colour without end. The germ of the idea may be discovered in the writings of Baptista Porta, Kircher, and Bradley, but in so slight a degree as to leave the credit of the invention almost wholly with Brewster. Though not often, we believe, applied to useful purposes, it is capable of being employed in the designing of patterns and of ornamental work; and certainly the endless combination of beautiful forms which it produces by a mere turn of the wrist might well throw into despair the most ingenious Saracen that ever elaborated geometrical figures for the adornment of harem or mosque. Unfortunately for Brewster, his patent right in this invention was evaded, so that, although large sums of money were made by the sale of the instruments, but little went into his pocket.

In the course of his long life, Sir David wrote and published many books in connection with science, besides editing one or two philosophical periodicals. Perhaps his most popular work, because written in a popular style for general readers, was that entitled "Letters on Natural Magic," a most attractive volume, which has found thousands of admirers. More recently he

entered into a controversy which at one time raged hotly, and, in answer to Professor Whewell's "Plurality of Worlds," published "More Worlds than One, the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian" (1854). Like most professors of exact science, Sir David was a doughty opponent of all forms of superstition and all kinds of charlatan tricks. In common with the late Professor Faraday, he set himself against the table-turning and spirit-rapping nonsense of thirteen or fourteen years ago, and was on that account coarsely reviled by the "spiritualists." All this, however, is now forgotten, and he leaves behind him the fame of sterling achievements, and the memory of a life well spent.

#### THE "LITERATURE" OF MR. SPEKE.

IT is a difficult thing to write within the limits of good taste upon a subject which touches the personal grief of people who are in distress for a lost relative. The friends of the Rev. Mr. Speke, however, have but themselves to blame for the letters which are constantly appearing in the papers. The first feeling in the public mind on the announcement of a mystery of this kind is generally one of compassion for those who suffer from the incident, and the press at once proceeds to work in this vein, until it is exhausted. The next sentiment is that of fright, vulgar curiosity, and, not to put too fine a point on it, a desperate tendency to fiction. Then it is we have respectable merchants waylaid at unseemly hours in the parks, and horrible assaults committed, of which nobody knows anything except the survivor and the editor who is taken into his confidence. It may be that in some instances those adventures are based upon facts, but it is impossible on reading many of them not to arrive at the conclusion that they contain more of romance than truth. If we conceive the pleasure it must be to a person of little conscience and small brains to know that he can disturb the peace of numerous families by a letter in the *Times*, we can understand how those communications come to be made. It gives such a person a momentary sense of importance to contribute to a panic, and to know that from a disturbed condition of feeling he has a power for mischief. And with every communication of the kind the appetite of the public increases, and demands more excitement. It is not uninteresting or uninstructive to take a glance at the supply which is thrust forward to satisfy the requirement. The deduction that one might be tempted to draw from the sum total is, that there are even a greater number of rogues and fools in the world than satirical people might suspect. Of course we do not now refer to the comments of our intellectual contemporaries, who, according to their views of the functions of journalism, elaborate a thoughtful essay out of the lost clergyman. Neither can we find fault with the conjectures of trained minds, who exhibit the qualities of transcendental detectives, and prove to us that the bar is monopolizing faculties which the country would be grateful for if exercised in scenting murders. It is when we come lower down that the ludicrous and silly nature of the practice reveals itself. Nothing is sacred to your correspondent who writes to the papers on this subject. He has little hesitation in theorizing that Mr. Speke was a man of any character that will suit his hypothesis. If he can show a small amount of analytic keenness by supposing that Mr. Speke was a good and steady person, so much the best for Mr. Speke's friends; if, on the contrary, Mr. Speke must be coloured in order to suit the background prepared for him, letters of the alphabet, "A. B." or "C. D.," or "X. Y. Z." have very little hesitation in painting him as black as possible. Then, again, what can be more absurd, if it were not in some degree cruel, than the emphasis and elaboration with which your newspaper detective proceeds with his task? Did Mr. Speke buy a new hat? if so, why did he? It would not be necessary to buy a new hat to dine at a restaurant. Did Mr. Speke pay for the hat when he bought it? These questions are put with an air of "more to follow," and the querist gives you to understand that beneath them lies an immense amount of subtlety and forethought. Give him those links, and he is ready to forge a chain. We all know this sort of personage in a novel, and what an atrocious nuisance he is with his whole pages of guesses and surmises, his checks and successes, his final triumph over villainy, and successful manner of giving evidence and transporting or hanging the criminal, but it is only periodically we find the original in newspapers.

It would also appear that there are a number of persons so interested in a business of this kind as not only to devour everything written about it, but to spend their time verifying or answering the experimental queries of leading-article writers

and others. "Foot Rule" measures the distance from a house in Queen-square to Birdcage-walk, because one of our contemporaries wishes for that important item of survey. But the strangest and the most perilous feature of this abnormal disturbance of a community is the impulse it is calculated to give to the very crime which may have been committed. To say nothing of what might be termed the epidemical character of disappearances, and the curious way in which persons in Bristol, in Scotland, and elsewhere have been hidden away like Mr. Speke, there is an unquestionable risk involved in reminding our predatory classes that such things may be done with comparative impunity, and in defiance of every organization of law. For instance, a criminal, who up to this has been content with garrotting his prey, and simply knocking people temporarily out of their senses and robbing them, will now learn that bolder ruffians than himself are pursuing a more distinct and, it would seem, a safer policy. There is something to inspire him with an ambition in his calling in the tone of the press, and the startling announcements from the walls. We know very well that garrotting used to set in like a plague, and that the notoriety given to the cases of the victims seemed apparently to spread the mischief until the cat was brought to bear upon the ticket-of-leave men. Now, all this writing and fuss is eminently calculated to produce a corresponding danger whether Mr. Speke has been murdered or not. We offer no conjecture on that score. We do not believe there is the least possible use, except it be as an exercise for the brain, in presenting possibilities and impossibilities of all kinds as likely to hold a solution of the problem somewhere amongst them. The changes could be rung indefinitely, and to no end that we can perceive. They may be urged cleverly and gracefully, as in the *Spectator*; or stupidly and vulgarly, as in a *Police News* or a kindred broad-sheet. Looking at the matter in a hard light, it may be questioned whether Mr. Speke is worth a general terrorism of London. We take it, as far as the printed information goes to show, that he was an estimable clergyman and a person of trust and honour; but the value of an individual to the community is a definite thing, and we must draw the line somewhere. Suppose, for example, that all this disturbance results in the murdering and spiriting off of half a dozen people. Have we not then paid too much for our anxiety for Mr. Speke? By all means we should spare no effort or trouble to hunt up this "mystery," as we term it. The man's relatives are doing their best, no doubt; though it must be said that, from the commencement, they seem to have been inclined to grasp the difficulty of the situation in a dramatic style. But if we are to have old narratives dug up for the morbid taste of newspaper readers (the dead clown, Grimaldi, was reproduced from a book of Mr. Dickens, in connection with Mr. Speke, in one of our contemporaries)—if we are to be treated every morning for the next month at our breakfasts to burking adventures and the like, we hope most sincerely that Mr. Speke will be found, if only for the sake of stopping the lies, nonsense, and twaddle with which we are threatened.

It may be that a great deal of the excitement is due to the fact of the event taking place during the recess. Accidents and crimes diminish their proportions, considered journalistically, according to the seasons in which they occur. Mr. Speke was lost at a time when the papers were dull enough. It is impossible not to feel some pity for his friends, for what they have brought on themselves. Paul Pry and Peter Simple have both favoured them with consolations, and have taken the opportunity of relating their own experiences to the public. In reading those experiences, it is hard to prevent oneself from wishing that they were not altogether false, and that the subjects of them had suffered at least as much pain and annoyance as their letters were capable of inflicting.

#### SHOPMEN AND SHOPWOMEN.

ONE of the most difficult problems of the time is to know what to do with the surplus portion of our female population. The want of employment for women is a sore evil, and the cause of so much mischief and misery that it will be necessary for us to turn our attention to it as early as possible. We confine their spheres of labour within such narrow limits, that while the methods by which men can get a livelihood are almost infinite, the places open for women are neither sufficient for their capacities nor their numbers. But the most unfair thing towards them is to shut them out from those departments for which they seem specially adapted. We satisfy ourselves that they are unfit for work that requires labour of a severe or sordid kind, and at the same time discourage them from attempting that which comes naturally and gracefully

within the province of their strength and aptitude. This is especially the case in shop-helping. There is no reason why this branch of industry, in some of its divisions at least, should not be entirely made over to women. It is a ludicrous and pitiable sight to notice the hulking young men at West-end shops, whose muscular energies are entirely devoted to pulling out stuffs and ribbons for display. We have grown more or less accustomed to the anomaly, but we have only to reflect on it for a moment to perceive its absurdity and injustice. We say nothing against those men. There is a great deal of cheap wit levelled at them, and it is a mistake to believe, as a general truth, that all shopboys and shopmen are cads and fools. Many of them strive to educate themselves under very adverse circumstances; many of them possess healthy, athletic tastes, and may be set off against the feeble-minded creatures who waste their minds and constitutions in music-halls and casinos; but all must become demoralized by the nature of their business. It is inimical to the feeling of self-respect which a man ought to possess to be dressed as carefully as a French doll for duties which might be done by any grown girl, and which are essentially feminine. We place women behind tavern bars, where they are compelled to work beer handles for twelve or fourteen hours, and listen to all kinds of talk; we put men behind neat counters to receive commands from ladies touching shawls and dresses.

It is difficult, of course, to contend against a fashion, and we may be told that the reason why these things occur is, that the public insists upon the custom. But the public is not so difficult to educate when rightly taken in hands. We believe that the owners of West-end shops have a certain superstition on the point. They are in the habit of thinking that ladies prefer to patronize shops in which men are employed. This opinion seems to be rather the product of a cynical notion than to come of a conviction founded on facts. Ladies are not altogether such fools as to find much pleasure in contemplating the whiskers of those who assist them to gloves. We know that many object to the horrible grotesque on politeness which distinguishes the male dispenser of such goods as they require. We do not want to say hard things of shopmen, but it must be admitted that they do not successfully imitate the style of gentlemen; and that very often between obsequiousness and a desire to sell as many things as possible, they cut a mean and a ridiculous figure. The theory that ladies like to be helped by them we therefore cannot accept; and we have no doubt that if an establishment were opened in which the experiment of employing women solely were tried that the ladies would by their patronage vindicate the sex from a stupid and almost discreditable suspicion. It is not easy to discover the other reasons alleged for keeping shopmen. The work is not heavy enough to strain their faculties sufficiently even to keep them in a seasonable condition. It is a wonder that they are not more vicious, more idle, and less creditable members of the community than they are reported to be.

Women have, it is confessed, a superior taste in matters of dress to men, and it is incontestable that they have better eyes and a better instinct for colour. They are also more neat and quick-handed—two great requisites, we should say, for the business of shop-helping. The places in which they would have to work are generally extensive, and the hours would not be of such distressing length as those to which some unfortunate needlewomen are condemned. Then, again, they could afford, to put the matter on its lowest basis, to give their services at a cheaper rate than men. This we imagine, ought to be the strongest possible argument in their favour. We can see that there might be some mischief result from a competition of labour of this kind if it were universal, but of that there is no possibility; and in the circumstances to which we allude, the competition would only press, for the most part, on young and unmarried men, who could, without great difficulty, find other modes of living. Indeed, it is hard to guess into what those young shopmen develop. A very small percentage of them scrape capital enough together to start in business on their own accounts, but what becomes of the vast majority? They never seem to age, and are always kept at a blooming period. We should gladly welcome a movement that would render them altogether ashamed of their calling. Their places are wanted badly for thousands of unemployed girls who could occupy them more appropriately and more usefully. The cause is one which might be advocated even before that of the female franchise, for which we are not quite so prepared. Those who are interested in women's rights would here find a field in which they could quickly win public aid and sympathy. It would not be necessary to effect a revolution in the present system at once. The change could be made gradually by inducing tradesmen opening new shops to

start them on this principle by an organized ladies' patronage. After a while, the scheme would succeed of itself. There are a few shops in which only women are employed, and we do not hear that they suffer a diminution of business from this cause.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

PARLIAMENT resumed the work of the session on Thursday evening, when there was a large attendance, both of Peers and of members of the House of Commons. The Earl of Derby, we regret to say, was not sufficiently recovered from his recent indisposition to take his seat on the Ministerial bench in the House of Lords; and in that assembly the business transacted was almost entirely of a formal character. The Lord Chancellor did indeed lay on the table a Bill for the amendment of a particular branch of the law; but he reserved until a future occasion any explanation of its provisions. The Marquis of Clanricarde promised to introduce a measure on the land tenure of Ireland; and as to this, no explanations are necessary to show that it is utterly inadequate to meet the evils with which it professes to deal, since his lordship announced that it was exactly the same Bill which was reported by the select committee of last session. That is to say, it is a measure which neither gives tenants compensation for their improvements, nor is calculated to increase the fixity of their tenure. In the House of Commons, one question elicited the information that no further correspondence than that which has already appeared in the newspapers has taken place in reference to the *Alabama* claims; while in reply to another, Mr. Disraeli announced that the Scotch Reform Bill would be introduced on Monday next. As to the Irish Reform Bill, the right honourable gentleman was not so explicit, confining himself to the safe and cautiously-official statement that it would be introduced as soon as consistent with the general arrangements of the Government. After two orders of the day of no particular interest had been disposed of, the Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced the Bill, which, in the opinion of the Government, is destined to prove a panacea for the evils of bribery and corruption at Parliamentary elections. Although he prefaced his statement of its provisions by a long and laboured historical review of all the legislation which has taken place on the subject, that was probably done rather to show that on suitable occasions he could rival even Earl Russell himself as what is called a constitutional statesman, than from any idea that old stories about the Walpolian contests on election committees or the legislation of George Grenville had any practical bearing on the question actually before the House. As to the Bill itself, it is sufficient to say, and that was pretty much all that Mr. Disraeli did say, that it was, with the exception of one provision, that which was recommended by the select committee of last session. It will be recollected that that body recommended that election petitions should be sent to the Court of Queen's Bench, which should then send a judge or judges to try them in the boroughs concerned. As might, however, have been anticipated, the judges decline to undertake their new duties on the double ground that they cannot perform them, and that it would be unconstitutional for them to make the attempt. In their stead, therefore, three Parliamentary judges, with salaries of £2,000 a year, are to be appointed, and to them, instead of committees of the House, all election petitions are to be referred. The stringent penalties with which the select committee proposed to visit the offence of bribery, are embodied in the Bill; and those who take a sanguine view of the subject may hope that their rigid enforcement, coupled with a more impartial and searching trial of election petitions, will eradicate the canker of corruption from our political life. For our own part, we confess to entertaining great doubts on the subject. That, however, was not a point with which the House of Commons troubled itself much on Thursday night. The brief discussion which followed Mr. Disraeli's speech, was chiefly devoted to the more congenial work of discussing the conduct of the judges in remonstrating against the new duties sought to be imposed upon them. It was, however, made quite manifest, that the opinion of the House is so much divided on the merits of the Bill, as to make its passing very problematical indeed.

It is said that but for the resolute attitude of M. Rouher and the principal members of the Cabinet, the Emperor of the French would have withdrawn the Press Bill. Amongst other reasons which they urged against such a course was their

instant retirement if it was adopted. This would have necessitated the formation of a new Cabinet, composed of the Arcadians, and the consequent profession of a reactionist policy, at a time when concessions in a liberal sense are more than ever made necessary by the unpopularity of the Army Bill, and the loss of Imperial prestige by the Mexican affair, and the sudden expansion of Prussia into her formidable proportions. What the result would have been of a dissolution under such circumstances, and an appeal to the country, could not but weigh powerfully in determining the Emperor to stand by the Bill. And when his determination was made known, its effects upon the Arcadian party was marvellous. Out of between 60 and 70 members, only seven were courageous enough to vote against the Bill.

PERHAPS it was the success of the Legislative Chamber on the first clause of the Bill, abolishing the previous authorization necessary before the establishment of a journal, that made them indifferent to the ninth, which provides that "the publication by a journal or other periodical, of an article signed by a person deprived of his civil and political rights, and to whom the territory of France is forbidden, is punished with a fine of from 1,000f. to 5,000f. imposed on the editors and managers of the said journal or periodical." This clause is aimed at the Count de Chambord and the Princes of the Orleans family, and was severely criticised by M. Jules Favre as an innovation which nothing justified, least of all under the government of a Prince who was himself at one time an exile. It is one of the misfortunes of the Emperor that in the "before and after" of his career he is continually shown up in direct contradiction to himself. "Oh, you," he exclaims, in the first volume of the "Œuvres de Napoleon III," "whom happiness has rendered selfish; you who have never endured the tortures of exile, think it but a slight penalty to deprive men of their country: know that exile is a continual martyrdom—it is death; not, however, the glorious death of those who fall in defence of their country—not the death of those who end their lives amid the consolations of home, but a slow, consuming, and hideous death, which undermines health, and leads you silently and without effort to a desolate tomb," &c. A man who has felt the sorrows of exile should show some compassion to them. But, as M. Jules Simon observed, the above clause is a fresh sentence of exile.

THE abolition by the new Bill of imprisonment for offences committed by the press is more than compensated by the amount of fines which may be imposed. These, in cases (not uncommon) in which editor, manager, and the writer of the article which is the subject of a prosecution are incriminated, may amount to 75,000 francs. The fine is to be one-fifteenth of the caution-money, as a minimum, and one-half as a maximum. This is crowning the edifice with a vengeance.

THE Austrian Government is making great strides in Liberalism. It has issued a Red-book explaining to the delegations its foreign policy during the past year. This is the more notable, inasmuch as it is voluntary. The Red-book contains 158 despatches respecting—1. German affairs, and the complications with respect to Luxembourg; 2. The relations with Italy—the Roman question; 3. Eastern affairs; 4. Commercial policy. The despatches are preceded by an introduction, which gives a short *résumé* of each of the four points, and in a manner defines the new foreign policy of Austria. That policy is one of peace and conciliation at home and abroad. "His Majesty the Emperor-King, as well as the people of the empire, is satisfied that the war which Austria was forced to fight against two powerful enemies was neither unjust nor inglorious. But this thought is free from all idea of retaliation, and since the peace of Prague, Austria, with respect both to Prussia and Italy, has the same pacific and friendly sentiments which she manifests with respect to the other Powers." When the Luxembourg question "increased to a dangerous degree the tension between France and Prussia," the Austrian Government, though unable to take the side of Prussia, "was careful, with all loyalty, not to allow the belief in Austria's co-operation in a contest against Prussia to arise in the minds of the Emperor Napoleon and the statesmen of France." But it tried also, and successfully, to mediate between the two parties, and the Conference of London was the result.

As Austria had not interfered in reference to the treaties of offensive and defensive alliance between Prussia and the South German States, which seemed irreconcilable with the indepen-

dent existence stipulated for those states by the Treaty of Prague, the Austrian Government had still less cause to judge the treaties for a new organization and Parliamentary representation of the Zollverein otherwise than with kindly reserve, even though they restrict the right of self-decision of the South German States in important respects, and subordinate their resolutions to Prussia. Moreover, to preserve her freedom of action, Austria was deaf to hints "with respect to a new Federal arrangement," which, in 1867, "under the impression of the danger of a European-war," proceeded from Berlin and Munich. "This freedom," however, "is not disquieting to the peace of Europe; it covers no ambitious ideas, but its importance consists exclusively in the fact that the State power of Austria can henceforth be employed for no other object than for the special interest of the people over whom the Emperor-King reigns." With regard to Rome, "Austria and France completely agreeing in opinion that this great question involves relations which do not admit of its being treated as pending exclusively between Italy and Rome, or between France and Italy, Austria could the less hesitate to accept unconditionally the invitations of France to a European conference, and also to advocate its acceptance warmly by the other Powers."

TOUCHING the Eastern question, the policy of Austria has been to give neither moral nor material support to the *Candiotas*; but, on the other hand, not to refuse her co-operation to the Christian populations of Turkey so long as they confine themselves to demanding what can be given without detriment to the power of the Porte. Austria would gladly see a peaceful solution of the Eastern question brought about by such an understanding amongst the Powers which were parties to the Treaty of Paris, as would remove the restrictions placed upon Russia by that treaty. Such an arrangement she broached to the French Government in 1867, but without response; while, on her part, she refrained from joining France in the common step proposed by her, by which the Cretan population was to be consulted on the means of putting an end to the disturbances. She acceded, however, to the modified proposal of a Turkish Commission, to be accompanied to the spot by the delegates of the Powers, which in its turn came to nothing, through the stipulations of the Porte that the foreign elements should be first removed from the Cretan population. Finally, Austria has made serious representations to the Servian Government about the armaments, and hopes that the Servians will lay aside far-reaching schemes, and apply themselves to the development of their material and moral welfare.

It seems, however, doubtful whether the Servians will be content with so utilitarian a programme. The *Moscow Gazette* of the 8th inst. publishes a communication from Belgrade which says:—"Everything here points to war. Within the last few days the Government have received from Hamburg some thousands of needle guns in addition to those which were bought last year in considerable number. The equipment of the first class of the landwehr is nearly completed. About 60,000 soldiers are to be put on a war footing. The people are enthusiastic, and several voluntary subscriptions have been made." The *Patrie* of Tuesday says that the news from Servia keeps the diplomacy of the Western Cabinets in suspense, and that very energetic representations have again been transmitted to Belgrade. "Yesterday [Monday], M. Cretzulesco, the Rouman agent in Paris, officially communicated to the Cabinet of the Tuilleries a formal denial on the part of his Government of any participation, direct or indirect, in Russian or Servian manœuvres. England, France, and Austria are perfectly well informed of the character and possible consequences of these manœuvres. The three Cabinets are, therefore, ready to face any eventualities which might arise from a state of affairs the dangers attending which have already been pointed out to the Rouman Government."

So much for the Red-book. We fully believe in the pacific intentions of the Austrian Government, and regret that it considers a reduction of the effective strength of the army impossible. Replying on the 7th inst. to an interpellation on the political situation, Baron von Beust explained the foreign relations of the empire, and professed his belief that they were of so peaceful a nature that all danger of war must appear as a thing only to be brought about by extraordinary events. Every effort was being made to ward off all dangers, and there was every reason to hope that peace would be maintained. But still it appeared necessary to maintain the army on such a peace footing as would enable Austria, if necessary, to assume

an attitude inspiring respect, and at a short notice send her army into the field ready for action. Such a decision is to be regretted, but we cannot see that the Austrian Government has any choice in the matter. Marshal Niel is energetically at work to raise the French army, under the new law, to 1,250,000 men. The kingdom of Saxony, which under the Confederation was bound to supply a contingent of 20,000, has now to keep up a force of 70,000; and Hesse, Nassau, and the Rhine lands are equally burdened. All this is not indicative of peace; and if there is war, Austria, with the most pacific desires, may find it impossible to keep out of it.

A HOPEFUL symptom is showing itself in Italy. In the principal cities addresses to the Chamber are being signed, urging it to suspend all political discussion, and to throw aside all other matters of minor importance, in order to devote the whole of its energies exclusively to the task of improving the finances and reforming the administration of the country. If the Italians would bring more pressure from without to bear upon their Parliament it would soon cease to be possible for the public business to be impeded, reforms delayed, and Ministries overturned, to gratify the petty jealousies of individuals and parties. The people should make it known that they will not tolerate such an abuse of the public time, and that the national interest must be consulted before every other. There is much that can easily be done, if the country insists upon it, to place it in an improved position, but which is not to be hoped as long as their present spirit animates the deputies. We therefore regard these addresses as a hopeful symptom.

THE Duchess de Morny has been married to the Duque di Sesto, one of the noblest of Spanish grandees. The Duchess, before her marriage, passed from the Greek Church into the Roman. This conversion, it is said, was requisite, in consequence of her having cut off her hair on the death of her late husband and buried it in his coffin. This imprudent expression of grief, it seems, is tantamount to, or involves, in the Greek Church, a vow of celibacy. Fortunately there is no such law in the Roman Church.

THE famine in Algiers is producing awful results. "At Orleansville," says a correspondent of a Cherbourg journal, "I have seen from 200 to 300 of these poor wretches (the Arabs) scarcely covered with ragged burnous, eating the leaves of the aloe plant, the roots of the dwarf palm, and the filthy fragments abandoned in the streets. I have seen natives coming down from the mountains with asses laden with dates robbed of all in an instant by these famished Arabs. The latter I have seen cudgelled unmercifully by Europeans in order to make them desist, and yet they received the blows without seeming to feel them rather than give up a single date. At Relizanne I noticed squatted on the footpath, with their backs against the wall, some dozen Arab children, the oldest of whom could scarcely be more than four. When I say children I make a mistake; they were only skeletons. Their legs and arms were, in the most rigorous meaning of the words, no more than bones covered with shrivelled skin. On looking at those poor little things, so frightfully shrunk, one was at a loss to know by what effort they could stand on their feet." The writer relates a more painful evidence still of the severity of the famine. Every evening there is thrown out of the Hotel de l'Univers the remains of the kitchen:—damaged leaves of salad, and other vegetables, the entrails of fowl and game, &c. One evening he saw a dozen Arabs fighting with the dogs of the neighbourhood over this offal.

FROM Annesley Bay we learn that the health of the troops is good, that the captives, too, are well, and that as soon as a sufficient quantity of provisions has been stored, the troops will push forward to Magdala. But when will that be? They have been six months in reaching Senafé, a distance of sixty miles from Annesley Bay, from which Magdala is distant three hundred miles. It might have been foreseen from the first that the time it would take for the troops to reach Magdala would entirely depend upon the efficiency of the Land Transport Train. But with our customary unreadiness, we had to improvise this corps for the occasion, and it will surprise no one to learn that it has not been equal to its work. This has been owing partly to the hurry with which the corps had to be brought together, and to the heterogeneous elements of which it is composed—Egyptians, Arabs, Italians, Greeks, Hindoos, &c.; partly to the mistake of placing Hindoo inspectors over

Egyptian and Arab drivers, who have a contempt for them; and to the mortality amongst the mules. But whatever the cause, there is no doubt about the result. From the time of its landing until within a few days of the latest advices, the corps has been in a state of utter confusion and disorganization.

SURELY nothing could be more unwise than to place our reliance wholly or mainly upon mules as the baggage animals of the Land Transport Train, in spite of the warning that the climate would prove noxious to them, and without any effective attempt to ascertain the native practice in this respect. If it is true that the mules have been dying for want of water and proper food, that would establish a shortcoming still less excusable. But while we have been losing them at the rate of 200 a week, and while there were on the 19th ult. 700 mules and 700 camels in hospital, consuming provisions instead of helping to store them, the Shohoes with the bullocks have carried to Senafé provisions sufficient for 1,000 native troops for seven months. In addition to the death rate and sick list of our baggage animals, many which are working are doing comparatively little, so enfeebled are they with sore backs, lung disease, or the local plague. To make bad worse, there are only five veterinary surgeons to attend to a train of some ten thousand animals. But even these are better provided in this respect than their drivers, for whom not a single surgeon has yet been appointed, though, when the train is complete, it will consist of 280 Europeans, and 18,000 natives.

THE correspondent of the *Star*, accompanying the Abyssinian expedition, gives an estimate of the cost of providing water for Zoula alone which is not calculated to comfort the British taxpayer. "Between 30,000 and 40,000 gallons of water," he writes, "have to be provided daily from condensers for the supply of men and animals at Zoula, each man being allowed a gallon and a half per diem, and each animal six gallons. The requirements more often approach the higher number stated; but, taking the supply at 30,000 gallons, for the sake of illustration, the cost of one day's water is the pretty little sum of £4,000, or £120,000 a month. And water is not by any means the most expensive item against which provision will have to be made in the next budget."

THE irrepressible Mr. Train is still gabbling about the South of Ireland, where he is constantly made the subject of practical jokes, which appear to be too fine for him to appreciate. After being decorated with blood-puddings and garters in Cork, and celebrated in doggerel verses, he received a pocket-handkerchief as a delicate compliment from some female wags in Youghal. This pocket-handkerchief is to become an international emblem, and was consigned to the *Cuba* for transport to America. Glancing at an account of his recent exhibitions, we feel we owe an apology to our readers for writing so much about a mere platform Jack Pudding, who is insensate enough to advertise the contempt with which the press noticed his antics. We must regard a recognition of this man in Ireland as a dreary scandal to the intelligence of a country which has seldom shown itself unable to distinguish an orator from a ranter who uses the gift of speech with about as much coherence as a parrot. It is consoling, however, to observe that he cannot boast much of his patrons. With very few exceptions his audiences were composed of people who went to hear and see him for the fun of the thing. We admit there is a great deal of comedy in Mr. Train—more than he suspects—and we trust that when he returns to America, with his garters and smoking-cap, and sees the international pocket-handkerchief waved to him as he lands in New York from the steamer, he will not forget that the Irish are a satirical as well as an enthusiastic people; and that he has been, perhaps, understood better than he could have imagined. He cannot go on jabbering much longer, and when he has reeled off the odd stuff which people are silly enough to pay money to be puzzled by, he will return quickly enough to the country of which he is a very eccentric and a very disagreeable product.

THE terrible name of the Roman Propaganda is associated just now with an opportune act of friendliness to the British Government. On Sunday week, in all the Roman Catholic churches throughout Scotland, the *Glasgow Free Press*, a Roman Catholic newspaper which has lately been supporting the cause of Fenianism, was publicly denounced from the altar, in accordance with instructions received from Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of Propaganda. "The Cardinal," says the *Edinburgh*

*Courant*, "in his letter, which is dated Rome, January 16, says that it has been reported to the Sacred Congregation 'that the journal entitled the *Glasgow Free Press* does not desist from disseminating writings which cause great scandal to the Catholics of Scotland.' In carrying out the instructions of his Eminence, the vicars apostolic have framed a pastoral address, in which they forbid all ecclesiastics under their jurisdiction from taking any share in the publication of the paper in question, and require of them, under pain of suspension, to abstain from writing, or in any way whatever contributing to it."

MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR, in presenting the Address of the Loyal Irish of London to the Home Secretary for transmission to her Majesty, stated that there were 22,603 signatures to it, representing every branch of profession, merchandise, trade, and opinion in the city of London; that these signatures had been spontaneously attached to it; that in many cases large employers of Irish labour had expressly stated that those in their employ who had signed the address had done so not only without compulsion, but even without suggestion; that the address had received the warmest approbation both of Dr. Manning and Dr. Grant, but that "both these eminent men expressed their opinion that it would be better the address should be the spontaneous display of the loyalty of the Irish laymen, and that its value should not be diminished by even the slightest suspicion that the signatures were obtained in any case by spiritual influence." Of the Roman Catholic clergy he observed that though the address had not been publicly recommended from the altars, "he felt it his bounden duty to express his conviction that the moral example as citizens of the Irish clergy resident in London had not been without valuable effect on the minds of his fellow-countrymen." This is satisfactory, as is also Mr. Seymour's statement that "a more *bonâ-fide* document than the address had never been presented to a Minister of the Crown."

A SUGGESTION which appeared in the *Times* some days ago, that a new industry might be created for Ireland by the cultivation of beet-root sugar, was met at once by the discouraging statement that it had been tried some years ago and had failed. This is literally true; but it turns out that the failure proves nothing, because the experiment was not fairly tried. Mr. Sproule, who was manager in Dublin of the Irish Beet-root Sugar Company during its early operations in Queen's County, gives a history of the company's transactions, from which it is clear that success was impossible, so badly were the company's arrangements designed and carried out. But the result of the experiment perfectly satisfied Mr. Sproule, who is in no way responsible for the blunders made at Mountmellick, that "not only were the soil and climate of Ireland eminently suited for the production of beet-roots, but the quality was also of exceptional excellence." People were astonished at this, having regard to the humidity of the climate. "But," says Mr. Sproule, "it is to be observed that . . . in tropical climates 'sugar' is chiefly developed in the stems and fruit, of which the sugarcane, the sugar maple, and the fig are illustrations; and in temperate regions the roots of certain plants are distinguished for their saccharine properties, of which the beet and the carrot are examples." Sunlight, he adds, is absolutely inimical to the development of sugar in the roots of plants. Mr. James Duncan, a sugar-refiner, gives from a Blue-book published in Dublin in 1852, and presented to both Houses of Parliament, statistics which fully bear out Mr. Sproule's statement as to the saccharine properties of Irish-grown beet.

IN the recent address of Captain Vivian to his constituents the electors of Truro upon the state of Ireland, there are many facts stated which may not possess the merit of novelty, but are entitled to attention as the personal inquiries of a gentleman who investigated the subject with a thoroughly impartial mind. The fact that some of the Irish labourers are earning only six shillings weekly seems to Captain Vivian, as it must to every sensible person, an ample cause for discontent. To Absenteeism he justly attributes that limited circulation of money which is the cause of Irish poverty. He mentions one estate producing £50,000 a year, of which not one farthing is spent in the country, whilst on an adjoining estate of equal value where the owner resided, the tenantry were as happy, prosperous, and contented a people as could be found in the country. Speaking of Fenianism, Captain Vivian says:—

"I say it with satisfaction, that Fenianism is not deeply rooted. Fenianism, after all, is nothing but a servile war, brought by some

wretched Irish-Yankees across the Atlantic, men who have the courage of a mountebank rather than a bravo, making bombastic speeches in America, and coming here and murdering poor innocent women and children. Men who don't care to show their faces by day, but stab people in the dark at night, and under the garb of patriotism commit deeds to make one's blood run cold, make every honest man determined to crush them."

That Fenianism is not deeply rooted we are satisfied; but whether the desire to stamp it out be as general as Captain Vivian describes it has yet to be seen.

WE wish that those ill-judging persons who give charity in the streets would "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the following statement of Sir Robert Carden's with regard to certain vagrants who were brought before him at Guildhall, charged with begging. "One boy was sent to a reformatory, he having been about the streets for a long time, apparently in a most distressed condition, but having at his lodgings as good a suit of clothes from head to foot, in which he appeared before me on remand, as any gentleman's son would wish to wear, and in which he used to appear at night, being well known at the East-end places of amusement. One old blind man, with a wife young enough to be his great grand-daughter, upon inquiry of the clergyman at St. Clement Danes, was pronounced to be most drunken and disorderly. This man was always in the streets begging. He had a pension of £16 a year from Day's Charity, and £10 a year from the Painters' Company. The officer stated he believed that was not all he received. I may say that on a previous occasion a pretended, neatly-dressed widow in weeds was brought before me, known to be a beggar for many years. She received her own dividends in the Bank, amounting to £40 per annum, and she entreated me to allow her to pursue her calling till she had funded sufficient to produce £50 a year, and then she promised to retire."

No money is worse spent than what is given to such people. Even where the cases are less undeserving than those above mentioned, the alms bestowed on them only perpetuates their misery. Out of 81 persons brought before him in one week, Sir R. Carden discharged 19 on their promising to seek their homes, and not appear again in the streets as beggars; sent 11 to unions and workhouses; and imprisoned 51 for terms of 7, 14, and 21 days. Nearly all of this latter number were "so swarming with vermin, that literally their clothes were alive." What sort of charity is it to encourage such people in their wretched way of life? By the "severity" of which he has been accused, Sir R. Carden not only insured them a personal cleansing, but their clothes were put in a hot oven and baked—a most necessary process—and the streets have for a time been freed from vagrants who are apt to be foul-mouthed if they are not relieved. Observe this, moreover—every one of them had at the time of their arrest from one penny to 4s. 6d. on their persons.

THE monthly statement of the public debt of the United States shows that on the 1st inst. the total amount of the debt was \$2,651,000,000, against \$2,642,000,000 on the 1st of January last; showing an increase of \$9,000,000. On the other hand, the cash in the Treasury at the same date was \$124,000,000, against \$134,000,000 at the corresponding period last month; showing a decrease of \$10,000,000. But the reduction of the cash in the Treasury is due principally to the payment of the January coupons of the 5-20 bonds, and the redemption of the 6 per cent. loan contracted in 1847. The debt and currency questions continue to be discussed in all the journals, and are the subject of a flood of pamphlets. Commercial accounts continue to show the falling off in the trade of the United States with England and other countries. The value of goods imported at New York in January, 1868, was only £1,910,000, against £2,990,000 in 1867, and £3,600,000 in 1866; while the export of gold last January was £1,400,000, against £500,000 in the same month of the two preceding years. Yet the House of Representatives has now before it a Bill to abolish the bonded warehousing system, as if the import trade had not suffered enough already.

OUR eating and drinking have been prominent subjects of discussion during the week. First there is the question of the London tradesmen and the Co-operative stores. Comparing the prices of the latter with those of the former, it is clear that by joining a store we shall save from 20 to 30 per cent. One of these stores alone has enrolled about 6,000 members for the present year, who will have the advantage of getting their

articles of the best quality, and making £3 go as far as £4. Seeing this rebellion against their over-charges spreading at so alarming a rate, the grocers are beginning to offer advantages similar to those of the co-operative stores, on condition that cash is paid when the order is given, that the purchaser pays the cost of delivery, and that he makes out his own invoice with duplicate. This is fair, but we fear it is too late. Moreover, the extra charge made by the tradesman does not cover these expenses alone. The customers who pay their debts are made to pay as much more than their due as will cover the loss sustained by the customers who don't pay. And this will always be the fate of those who deal at shops where credit is given. The co-operative system may have some few inconveniences, easily borne or surmounted; but it is an immense boon to the middle classes. Even ladies of title condescend to save £25 out of every £100 through its agency.

THEN we have the great horse banquet, the "banquet hippophagique," which came off at the Langham Hotel the other day, and at which 150 steady-minded men fed upon various messes of horse-flesh, to the great delight of the Société Protectrice des Animaux, which has sent Mr. Bicknell, the promoter of the feast, its gold medal, and congratulated him "on the generous efforts" he is making to introduce horse-flesh into consumption in England. The three horses partaken of were of the respective ages of four, twenty, and twenty-two. Two had been cart-horses; one had drawn a brougham, and in his prime had been worth 700 guineas. The result of the banquet, according to the reporter of the *Times*, was that your prejudice was overcome, but that you did not enrol yourself among the enthusiasts who say that horse-flesh is more palatable than prime beef. "It is quite possible," he says, "to dine off horse, even at your first meal, without nausea. With very little effort of cookery, you will hardly distinguish it from beef. At your next meal, your appetite may come in eating." It is doubtful whether so favourable a view was taken by all the guests. Another reporter says that the general impression seems to have been much like that left on the Yankee after he had won a bet that he would dine on crow—"Waal, stranger, I ken eat crow, but darn me if I hanker after it."

"The horse; and meat at 2½d. per pound," is an attractive battle-cry, if the poor could be got to take more kindly to this sort of food than the Yankee did to crow; and instead of getting it at 2½d. per pound, it might almost be had for nothing if we could manage to preserve horse killed in Australia till it could be offered to the public in England. The horses there are now being boiled down for their tallow, just as sheep used to be. It is the only profit to which they can be turned. They are almost unsaleable, and when sold from the pound realize rates at from sixpence (!) upwards. "One of our enterprising breeders upon the Murrumbidgee, in the neighbourhood of Gundagai," says the *Tumut Times*, "last week experimentalized upon a fat but otherwise useless horse, as to the profit of boiling down. After the process had been carefully carried out, he realized fifteen gallons of pure oil; that he readily sold at the first offer in Gundagai, for currying purposes, at 6s. 6d. To this is to be added the price of the hide, the value of the hair, the glue from the hoofs, and the bones for manure, all of which would be realized if the process were carried out in a large and systematic manner." Another local journal mentions a case in which five horses were knocked down for half a crown (!), and ten others only realized 28s., the purchaser buying them to feed pigs with.

BUT before we discuss the possibility of preserving Australian horseflesh for European consumption, or even of dining upon pure English horse, let us see what prospect there is of supplementing English beef and mutton by supplies drawn from Australia. In Victoria, good beef and mutton are selling for 1½d. per pound; and the people in Melbourne are cudgelling their brains to discover how they can place their supplies in the English market in an eatable condition. The problem is a most interesting one to the Australians; for if this meat could be sold in England at 4d. per pound, squatting property would be enhanced in value at least fifty per cent. Two modes of preserving meat have been tried—one at Sydney, and the other at Melbourne—by a Mr. Ritchie, to whose success the Melbourne correspondent of the *Times* bears testimony. "I tasted," he says, "some of his preserved meat the other day, turned out of a tin which had been kept several months, and, for aught I could have discovered by myself, it might have been supplied by the butcher on the same day." Between horseflesh at 2½d.,

and good beef and mutton at 4d., surely even the Société Protectrice des Animaux would not hesitate.

IN an interesting article on the Post Office, the *Times* gives some amusing instances of the way in which letters are sometimes addressed. In one case a letter, containing a pair of spectacles, was directed to "My dear Father, in Yorkshire, at the White Cottage with green palings." Another was inscribed thus:—"This is for her that 'maks' dresses for ladies, that 'livs' at tother side of rode to James Brocklip, Edensover, Chesterfield"; a third thus:—"This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, who minds 'two babies,' 30, Sherrif-street, off Prince Edwin-street, Liverpool." Perhaps the richest example we have met is the following:—"E. R.—, a cook as lived tempy with a Mrs. L—, or some such a name, a shoemaker in Castle-street, about No. —, Hobern, in 1851; try to make this out. She is a Welch person, about 5 feet 1, stoutish. Livs in service, some ware in London, or naburred. London." "Poor people," says the writer of the article from which we take these examples, "have a very extraordinary idea of this department of the Post Office, popularly known as the 'dead-letter office.' Letters are continually being received, begging the secretary not to return any more dead letters, as they bring death into the house. One person, after complaining that twenty-four persons have died in the immediate neighbourhood since a dead letter had been returned to her from the Post Office, begs the secretary that, if any more of these dead letters for her should come back, he should 'burn them, and never send them back to heare to me after that. Our letters get carried and offered, and done I cannot tell what with, and murders is the end of it. I think this shall even be my last. Your obedient, ——."

A UTILITARIAN, who signs himself "James Innes," writes to a contemporary to point out a means by which not only might a cause of obstruction to traffic in the City be removed, but large funds be set free for other objects, without injury to any one. On an area of 240 acres of the most crowded part of the City there are 52 churches, occupying, with the churchyards, a space of about 9 acres, the value of which may be set down at £1,000,000 sterling. "For eight alone of these churches the incumbents receive £12,800 net a year, after providing for £1,650 they are pledged to pay away. For this pay they are charged, according to the census of 1861, with the care of 7,454 souls. The remainder are not so rich. Assuming the pay of the clergy at £13,200 per annum, the whole of the 52 churches take an annual payment from the parishioners of £26,000. Capitalizing this at twenty-five years' purchase, will give a value in tithes of £650,000. Thus, the whole Church Establishment of these 240 acres may be said to involve a capital of between £1,500,000 and £2,000,000 sterling." The population which attaches to this section of the City is, say, 26,000; and, according to the proportion of churches to inhabitants which obtains in the parishes of St. George's, Hanover-square, Marylebone, and St. Pancras, four churches would be sufficient for them, instead of fifty-two. But if we leave them ten, and set free the other forty-two, capital to the extent of about £1,300,000 might be withdrawn, and applied to other purposes. The case seems to deserve consideration.

IN these days of insolvent railways, it would be interesting to know what portion of the capital of many of the companies can be traced into the pockets of lawyers. In this litigation, railway directors seem to be as indifferent to the hopelessness of their contentions as they are to those notions of what is right and wrong which influence the conduct of other people. A case which lately came before the Court of Appeal in Chancery affords a very good instance of this. The Wycombe Railway, like all other railways, obtained from Parliament power to enforce the compulsory sale of land for the purposes of the railway. Armed with this power, they obtained from Lord Carrington a conveyance of a piece of land of about two acres in extent, near the town of Wycombe. Instead of using the land for the purposes of their railway, the company quietly disposed of it to a Mr. Terry, in compliance with some previous arrangement. In effecting this, however, they had overlooked a provision in the Land Clauses Consolidation Act, which entitles an owner to the repurchase of surplus land, and when Lord Carrington applied for such portion of his two acres as had not been used in the railway works, they were unable to comply with his demand, and resisted to the end the proceedings which he was compelled to adopt in the Court of Chancery to enforce his right. The matter came at length before

the Lords Justices of Appeal, who decided against the company, and visited them with the costs of the suit. It is of course gratifying to see an attempt to abuse powers conferred by the Legislature frustrated, but it would be more so if some means existed for visiting upon bungling directors and officers, rather than upon innocent shareholders, the consequences of such mistakes as these.

THE Free Labour Registration Society, by its secretary, Colonel Maude, has asked Mr. Gladstone, either on the day when he receives the deputation of trades' union delegates, or on some subsequent early day, to receive five artisans whom the society will send him, and hear them speak from their point of view on the five subjects which are to be discussed by the delegates, so that he may hear both sides of the question. Mr. Gladstone explains that the members of the deputation will come to him to contend against certain propositions which he has laid down. If their object had been to give him information of the principles of their system, he should have requested that such information should be conveyed to him in writing; and he expresses his willingness to receive any such information in that form from the Free Labour Registration Society. "I cordially wish well," he continues, "to those combinations of working men which separate the benefit society from the rules restraining labour, and wish well to all who object to such rules when they interfere with individual freedom. In many cases I rejoice to see among the working classes a reaction against much that belongs to trades' unions." Colonel Maude replies that "many thousands of the working classes have already spontaneously expressed themselves most warmly and enthusiastically" in favour of the free labour movement.

THE hope to which we alluded last week, that two 1,000-ton ships would be built upon the Thames, has "caved in," the shipowner having given his order to shipbuilders in the north. But Mr. Bullivant, who was negotiating for this order, discusses the comparative cost of shipbuilding on the Thames and the Clyde, and shows that the latter has no advantages in point of cheapness of material which are not within the reach of the former, save only coal. "Coal is cheaper by 7s. a ton on the Clyde than in London, but this will only make a difference of 1s. per ton on the registered tonnage. The iron used in high-class iron ships comes from Staffordshire, and can be bought as cheap in London as on the Clyde. The wood required for such ships is teak, which is nearly always cheaper in London than in Scotland. In other respects the Thames has greater advantages than the Clyde." "The orders from foreign Governments coming through London firms, they will prefer the ships being built where they can be easily under the inspection of such firms." Again: "For merchant ships London is a port from which general cargoes are sent to all parts of the world, and, consequently, the ship as soon as launched is without expense in a loading port." There is, then, nothing in the nature of things which prevents shipbuilding on the Thames from being as prosperous as on the Clyde.

BUT then come the two questions of wages and profit which must be settled before the Thames yards can again become active. At present masters have no orders on hand, nor can they tender for them without sending in estimates; nor can they do that without knowing at what rate of wages the men will work. "Any estimate sent in by them now," says Mr. Bullivant, "will have to be grounded on the high prices that have previously been paid for labour, and therefore they will not be able to compete with the lower prices that will be given from the north." There must be a reduction if masters are to take contracts at a fair profit to themselves; and he urges that if the men reduce their wages, and bring shipbuilding to the Thames, they will have the advantage of constant employment every day, whereas not one in a dozen, at the best times, have had more than four days a week. Will it not be better to take the Clyde rate of 5s. per day for six days, than 7s. per day for four days? 30s. a week is surely preferable to 28s. But the choice at present seems to lie between 30s. and nothing.

MR. EDWARD THORNTON, the new British Minister to the United States Government, arrived at New York on the 27th ult., after a stormy passage from Liverpool, which occupied sixteen days. An amusing story is told of him, which the *Manchester Guardian* gives as follows:—"Before quitting London he met an American gentleman whom he did not recog-

nise as a member of the ultra-Republican party, and to whom he praised Mr. Johnson highly for his administrative vigour and skill. Finding no response, he modified his tone, and said, 'At all events, all must admit that he does wonders for an entirely self-made man.' 'It may be so,' was the rejoinder; 'but if he be self-made, I will say that it relieves God Almighty of a grave responsibility.'"

THERE is no news yet of Mr. Speke, though the police are said to be in possession of information which promises a sort of clue to the mystery of his disappearance. The *Manchester Guardian* has published a marvellous story, which might account for a great many disappearances if it were true. It says that "in the searches made by the police for Mr. Speke, a strange discovery has been made in a dilapidated house in one of the slums of Westminster. In a kitchen was found a chopping-block, made fast to the floor, of the kind that butchers ordinarily use. No ostensible purpose could be assigned for it in such a situation; and no ordinary force was sufficient to move it. By accident one of the police touched a spring, and the top (found to be a lid) flew open, and it was discovered that the sham block was not only hollow, but that it communicated with the main sewer." This cock-and-bull story bears improbability on the face of it; but it may be as well to add that it is totally without foundation.

MYSTERIOUS disappearances are the order of the day. One cannot open the daily papers without lighting on some fresh case, of which we should probably have heard nothing but for the Speke mystery. Nothing in a tragic way appears to be so common as the sudden evanishment of men or women without any assignable cause, and without leaving the faintest trace. The *Edinburgh Courant* publishes the case of William Stewart, foreman to Mr. Owens, manure merchant, "a careful, and, as far as known, trustworthy servant." He came home one evening, took tea, changed his clothes, and went out to make two or three calls at friends' houses, one of which he left at a late hour with the intention of going home, which, however, he did not reach. The last known of him is that on the morning of Sunday week he was seen passing his own door on the Shore, and going towards the East pier. The *Scotsman* narrates the case of Mr. David Brown, gas manager, who disappeared from Crieff some days ago, and has not been found since, though hundreds of the inhabitants, dividing themselves into scouring parties, have searched the neighbouring woods in all directions. Cases of other disappearances, which happened a few months or a few years ago, are recalled, quite as mysterious as that of Mr. Speke.

WHETHER it is possible to prevent such disappearances or not, we think there can be little doubt that it is quite possible, by an increase of the police force, to lessen the number of outrages which are now perpetrated with equal ease and impunity. Here are two cases which ought to have been impossible:—A gentleman passing through Victoria-street, Westminster, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in November last, is jostled against by a rough-looking fellow, who asks him, "What do you mean to stand for pushing against me?" The gentleman walks on without noticing him, when presently he hears a whistle, in answer to which two other fellows make their appearance out of one of the low streets which Victoria-street intersects. The gentleman now thinks it time to assume the offensive, so he plants his back against the railings, and wielding an unusually stout stick, tells them he will make a case for the Westminster Hospital of the first man who lays a finger on him. But in this case the stout stick was wielded by a stout arm. The gentleman is described as a powerful, athletic young man; and the ruffians seeing that he was likely to keep his word, one of them muttered, "Let the gentleman pass;" and with that they drew off.

IN the second case, the gentleman was not so fortunate. He was the well-known bullion merchant of Fenchurch-street, Mr. M'Keown. He was returning to Notting-hill, by daylight, and upon reaching the site of some unfinished houses in Lancaster-road, was accosted by a woman, whom he repulsed. The next moment he was seized behind and before by two men, a third being ready to help them, who lifted him off his feet and carried him out of the highway among the mud and mortar of the unfinished buildings, where they robbed him of a gold eye-glass, and left him almost smothered with dirt. Whether they were new to the business or not, they overlooked—at least they did not take—property he had about

him to the value of nearly £100, which they might as easily have taken as they did the eye-glass. Could such things occur if the metropolis were sufficiently manned with police?

It is a wonder that the efforts of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals are not better supported. The number of cab-horses tumbling down from exhaustion in the streets, the brutal treatment of cows and sheep, seems daily on the increase. We notice in an Irish paper a letter from the local secretary of the society, from which it would appear that the brutalizing scenes to be witnessed in London are proportionately as frequent in Dublin. Magistrates have a great deal in their power towards effecting a reform in this important respect.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## HIPPOPHAGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—One of the few survivors of a disastrous accident which took place some time ago in Switzerland became, on his return home, an object of great interest to the editor of an influential newspaper, who insisted on his giving that journal the benefit of his experiences. As I, too, am one of the happy survivors of what I once feared might be a fatal experiment, I am sure that a plain, unvarnished tale of what I have lately undergone in the cause of science will be considered by you an acceptable offering. I may not be able to invest my story with the charm which a professional writer knows how to lend to his recitals, but when the heart has been touched, the lips even of one who is unaccustomed to speak become eloquent, and so the words which my pen is about to trace may, perhaps, gain some more than usual force and fire from the impulse of genuine feeling which ushers them into existence. But to my narrative. A great poet has immortalized somewhere a gallant band who, "nobly daring, dined." I am proud to say that when I think upon their glories, I may justly exclaim, in the words of Correggio, "Ed Io anche son pittore!" I also have dined courageously. You will probably have guessed by this time through what species of experiment I have passed, I trust unscathed. I have dined off horse, and I am here to tell the tale.

Let me premise by saying that I am of an exceedingly timid and sensitive nature, somewhat more finely organized than the majority of the persons whom I am in the habit of meeting. It is, perhaps, to this poetic temperament that I owe at once the inclination to fling myself into hazardous adventures, and the terrible mental suffering in which they are apt to involve me. And it is the same cause, no doubt, which produces that sensitiveness to successive impressions which makes me almost invariably agree with the adviser of the moment, even when his judgment is diametrically opposite to that of the counsellor on whom I had just before implicitly relied. The consequence is, that I often have to undergo considerable distress of mind when I have to decide upon a subject upon which the friends, in whose presence I find myself, have formed essentially differing opinions. It happened that the question of hippophagy was broached the other day in my presence by a Mr. Paul, an acquaintance whose faith in the merits of horseflesh is complete. My heart grew hot within me as I heard him dilate on the millennium which the future disclosed to his prophetic eye. The day was close at hand, he said, when the senseless prejudices of the moment would be trampled under foot by the irresistible march of intellect,—when the sectarian narrow-mindedness of eaters, no longer trammelled by ridiculous ties, would develop into large-brained Culinary Catholicism, and when the deplorable waste which now takes place in desirable but unused articles of food, would be ranked among the inexplicable follies of the past. And when that time should arrive, he continued, foremost among its prized dainties would be that horseflesh which is now left to the fate of Jezebel, or doomed to satisfy merely feline appetites. In conclusion, he drew a glowing picture of two scenes. In the one, the smiling British workman was helping his beaming family to liberal slices from a brisket of horse, and its motto, he told us, was "meat at twopence the pound." In the other, a horse which, under the present system, would be painfully drawing a cab or cart, or slowly progressing towards the knacker's yard, was roaming through verdant meadows at its own sweet will, unconsciously fattening for the epicure's table. And for this picture, he said, the words of one of the classic poets, I forget which, were exactly suited:—

"Liber et exultans latus equus ardet in arvis,  
Per fluvios faciens septa rubosque viam."

Fired by his eloquence, I accepted his opinions on the spot, and made them my own. Hearing that a horse dinner was being organized, I promised to assist at it, and I am glad to say that I kept my word. But before the day arrived I happened to meet another friend, a cynic whose natural acerbity has been intensified by the discomforts of a Government office—one of those gloomy spectators of human life who always see the worst side of everything which offers itself to their inspection. He soon damped my hippophagic ardour, and annihilated my equine proclivities. He drew a frightful picture of the animals which would be brought into the market if a depraved taste arose for horseflesh, he enlarged upon the toughness which must characterize the animal which had succumbed to old age, the horrible diseases which would probably taint the carcases of those which had died young. He thrilled my whole frame by his sickening description of the disease called glanders, dilating on its terrible ravages, and triumphing in the fact that it had hitherto proved incurable. Finally he told an agonizing story of a cat which had belonged to his grandmother, and which died in the most excruciating tortures, due to a fatal meal to which a glandered horse had contributed. Having made my flesh creep by these totally uncalled-for remarks, and utterly destroyed the pleasure with which I was looking forward to the banquet, he surprised me by declaring that he should attend the dinner himself, in order to render me assistance in case I should be suddenly prostrated. And so it came to pass that when I took my seat last Thursday week, at the table in the long room of the Langham Hotel, I found the enthusiastic Mr. Paul on my left hand, and my depressing friend, Mr. Coffin, on my right.

From that moment till nearly the end of the entertainment I remained the victim of a perpetual oscillation of opinion. Had I been left to the genial conversation of my cheerful friend, I should undoubtedly have enjoyed the repast placed before me from the first, but the suspicions which my other neighbour kept throwing upon our food were extremely hurtful to my equanimity, and his store of depreciatory anecdotes interfered greatly with the placidity of my digestion. I soon became a species of battlefield over which my neighbours fought the hippophagic fight. They commenced by discussing the bill of fare, a gorgeously ornamented card, which the one greatly admired, while the other wished to know the meaning of the sportsmen whose portraits adorned it—gun in hand and dog at foot, with a fir-tree in the background—hinting that the only appropriate object of chase in the present instance would be the animal for whose benefit such meat as awaited us was generally destined. The arrival of the soup put an end to the debate, especially as both the *consommé de cheval à l'ABC*, which was so like that made from hare that my cheerful neighbour immediately styled it "horsehair soup," and the *purée de destriers*, proved highly agreeable. The fish produced but few remarks from either party, except that Mr. Coffin muttered, as he eat his *filets de soles à l'huile hippophagique*, that he had a soul above horse-oil. But when the first of what Mr. Paul called the *horse d'œuvres* arrived, the *terrines de foie maigre chevalines*, even the cynic could not restrain an expression of approbation. He attempted to depreciate the *saucissons de cheval*, but was obliged to confess he had never eaten better sausages, except at Arles, at which town, his adversary informed him, it is well known that they are made from young donkeys. It is not wonderful, therefore, that they are good, since the ass stands at the top of the list of meats dear to the hippophagist, the ascent being by order of merit from ox to horse, from horse to mule, and from mule to donkey. Struck mute for a moment, Mr. Coffin soon proceeded to revenge himself by telling a horrible story of a friend who was in China during the war, and who once heard a French officer giving an account of the number of horses his regiment had lost from glanders. "What did you do with the dead bodies?" asked one of the Frenchman's audience. "Sold them to the Chinese butchers, of course," was the reply. This dreadful anecdote completely upset me for a time, and compelled me to have recourse to dishes only slightly connected with horse, such as turkey stuffed with horse-chestnuts, and fowls à l'hippogriffe, but little by little the cheering society of my left-hand neighbour raised my drooping spirits, and nerved my flagging courage. He derided the prejudices that wish to limit naturally discursive appetites. He remarked that out of a hundred fungi only the mushroom is eaten in England, that being the only one of the whole number which is not to be seen in the Roman markets. He pointed out the folly of the London poor, who object to eat brown bread; and mentioned that during the time of the

potato disease a friend had tried to make the fishermen on the west coast of Ireland eat seagulls, but utterly without effect. He declared that, having shot a magpie one day, he gave it to a labourer, who said of it the next time they met—"A finer fowl I never eat in all my life." On the other hand, he had known a wretched man on whom a practical joke was played with sad success. He happened to confess that he had never eaten a woodcock, so his friends shot a magpie, and had it plucked. Its head was then cut off, and a woodcock's sewn on to the body. The composite bird was then shown to the unheeding victim, who afterwards devoured it with relish. But when he was told what he had eaten, he was almost as much affected as was the lady whom her husband entrapped into feeding on her murdered lover's heart. At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the baron of horse, carried by four stalwart cooks, and preceded by enlivening music. As I joined the rest of the company in standing up and cheering, I felt the historic character of the meeting rush in upon my soul. I could fancy seeing myself figuring in some great picture painted to commemorate the birth of British hippophagy. I saw in my mind's eye the countless meadow-lands of England dotted over with groups of grazing horses, all destined to smoke upon the festive board. I fancied that I could perceive the wincing of the galled jade gradually changing into the frolic sportiveness of the steed fattening for the market, and by the time I had tasted a few more dishes, I had become a complete convert to horse-eating. Turning to my left-hand neighbour, I entered into a compact of eternal friendship with him, and from that time forward I would turn nothing towards the scoffer who sat upon my right but the deafest of ears and the coldest of shoulders. Again and again he tried to set me against the food I had learnt to love, but his attempts were in vain. And at last I had my revenge. For after he had refused to touch any more horse, a joint hewn from a bear which had long been a tenant of the Zoological Gardens was placed upon the table. "Give me some bear," exclaimed my hippophobic friend; "that, I know, is not liable to horrible contagious disorders. Give me a good cut of honest bear, and keep your horses to yourselves." They gave him his bear, and he eat it. I tasted it, and found it something between a lucifer-match and a red herring; so I am not surprised at the effect it produced upon him. The colour left his cheeks, the mocking light died out of his eyes, and presently, after a dismal attempt or two at facetiousness, he retired from the room. That evening we saw his face no more. I was able to give myself up to horse and enjoyment, and to enter into the spirit of the Ciceronian chairman's classic jokes. I chuckled over his allusion to the famous warning—"Equo ne credite Teucri," and I determined to bear in mind his advice—

"Equam memento rebus in arduis  
Servare."

But it was perhaps when Sir Henry Thompson spoke that my enthusiasm reached its climax, for I felt the day was gained when that great surgeon had declared that he had tried horse-flesh tea, and found it as good for invalids as beef-tea. Yet no! it really arrived at its culminating point when I learnt that the horse-eaters of Paris had sent a medal to Mr. Bicknell, in token of their admiration of the energy and perseverance he had shown in the cause of hippophagy. I felt, and still feel, that the man who successfully combats an unreasonable prejudice, and introduces to his countrymen what may possibly be of advantage to them, is well worthy of honour and respect. It may be that as regards *chevaline*, as horseflesh is to be called, I may change my mind again; but for the present, I beg to subscribe myself, Your obedient,

HIPPOPHAGIST.

#### NOVELS AND POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Mr. Clark Russell is really too severe upon Mr. Tennyson. Our Laureate has suffered much of late from gentlemen who linger about his garden palings, who write to him for subscriptions, and send him spiteful letters; but that he should be accused of having dictated the prevailing spirit of modern novels is surely past a joke. Providence and certain worldly necessities having condemned me to read many modern novels, I can conscientiously say that such a charge reaches the acme of cruelty. Let me, on behalf of Mr. Tennyson—who says he will answer no more letters—explain to your readers the grounds on which Mr. Clark Russell founds his complaint.

Your correspondent begins by informing us that the novel has within the past few years multiplied to an incredible

extent, and finds a cause for the phenomenon in the "law of demand and supply." I must differ with him as to the pertinency of this solution. Any publisher will tell Mr. Russell that novels are multiplied twenty times beyond the demand for them; so that his ingenuous theory does not account for the prevalence of the moral ailment which breaks out in MS. works of fiction. Mr. Russell proceeds to show that the influence of modern novels must be considerable; a simple matter of fact which he straightway manages to contradict by an excess of subtlety. For, says he, the individual novel "dies, leaving no trace of its influence behind;" but "the vast quantities of novels which are, day after day, devoured, must insensibly influence the intellectual tone of the day," &c. I confess my utter inability to perceive how the multiplication of no influence can ever produce any influence—in other words, how a cipher indefinitely prolonged can ever become 1. But, as Mr. Russell candidly confesses, "our anxiety to be subtle renders us often nonsensical."

From such easy bases, Mr. Russell goes on to show that the literary tone of an age is influenced by the genius of a contemporary poet; but that from the literary tone of an age must be excluded "the expression either of philosophers, historians, or, indeed, of any authors other than those who select fiction as the grounds of intellectual operation." It is obvious, therefore, that the literary tone of the age stretching from the time of Queen Elizabeth to that of Charles I. was in nowise formed by the "expression" of such men as Bacon, Hobbes, Selden, Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, John Knox, George Buchanan, and others. "Those who are most subject to the power of a superior poetical genius are authors who themselves assume the province in art of which the poet is the arch-exponent." I should have thought that this province was poetry; but Mr. Clark Russell says it is fiction. Very well; it is at least something gained that we have an exponent of what must often seem incomprehensible to ordinary judgments; and that the creative blast from the poet's trumpet is able to individualize that which in the mean time seems to us wholly without form and void.

But presently the reader of Mr. Russell's letter comes to confusion worse confounded; because he insists on the fact that Wordsworth and Tennyson, who ought to be the arch-exponents of fiction, have between them created and developed a taste which is going to ruin fiction. This taste, "speaking in the interests of fiction, is of a deteriorating nature," and is, further, "an element that makes the art into which it enters weak, puerile, effeminate." One is oppressed by the exceeding subtlety of these remarks; and it is quite a relief to come upon the definite admission that Mr. Clark Russell considers Mr. Tennyson to be "a poet eminently calculated to delight women." That a writer should be eminently calculated to delight more than half the human race is, in Mr. Russell's eyes, a small matter; for Mr. Russell's regard is fixed upon fiction, and he sees the interests of fiction suffering. Mr. Tennyson's poetry is too analytic, too refined, too "subtle;" and "it may be said that the poetry of Tennyson has almost wholly brought about the present vapid, idle, valueless tone in our fictional literature." Unhappy Tennyson! Wretched Wordsworth! Ye are the authors, then, of Miss Braddon's dramatic idiots, of Mr. Yates's terribly beautiful women, of "Guy Livingstone" and his charming kindred! Here is a problem for the author of "The World, Dynamical and Immortal." What but his theory of dynamic atoms will account for the transmutation of the influence of "The Excursion" into "Midshipman Easy"?

I should have fancied that the stately pageantry, the poetic colouring, the tender human sympathies of the "Idylls of the King" would have had a somewhat nobler reflex than "Hamperton, the Financier;" I should have fancied that the passionate music of Maud would have awakened more grateful echoes than the hard breathings of Aurora Floyd; and that the earnest devotion of "In Memoriam" would have scarcely provoked the thin jesting of Cuthbert Bede. Nay, I should have turned to see the greatest novelist of the past generation walking hand in hand with this very Wordsworth (for were not "Waverley" and "The Excursion" published in the same year?), and I should have looked to see the greatest novelist of this age (whether you say George Eliot or Charles Dickens) producing, even under the blighting shadow of Tennyson, work which neither this age nor the next will call vapid, idle, and valueless. I should have gone a step further. I should have said to myself that what our present brood of second-rate novelists distinctively want is a little of that sympathetic analysis which is the characteristic of our finest literature. Of the tawdry lime-lit figures which stalk across our modern novels, and try to atone for their want of likeness to anything human by the violent gestures and windy hyperbole

which they use, one is at no time very fond; but when one is told that the presence of these ghastly creatures is due to the influence of two great poets, may not one suspect that the statement is made in irony? Mr. Russell clamours for dramatic action. He would say that the "Rip Van Winkle" of Mr. Jeaffreson was too subtle; and would demand the pompous strut and melodramatic intonation of the Victoria Theatre. Certainly he may have both; but he should not endeavour to vindicate his taste by assailing the influence of a man who has done much—and who is gratefully regarded by an entire nation as having done much—to ennoble English literature. If Mr. Clark Russell is free from this influence, let him write a novel of action which shall evince "a general elimination of those weak and questionable elements that now interpenetrate fiction, an enlargement of the boundaries of this art by the enlisting in its interest of all that nature has to offer," and I, among others, will gladly welcome the effort. The taste of a nation is catholic. If Mr. Russell writes a brilliantly dramatic novel, neither critics nor readers will refuse to read his book simply because Mr. Tennyson's poems have been published. But if Mr. Russell is calmly standing by, waiting, before he makes the attempt, for the advent of a laureate who shall throw aside emotional delicacies—those tender graces which have jewelled our literature from Chaucer downwards—for the mere stride and declamation of the objective drama, I sincerely trust, even looking to the awkward alternative of never being able to peruse Mr. Russell's work of fiction, that such a poet will never become a power in England.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In his letter of last week, Mr. Clark Russell seems to me to have struck upon a reason for the general thinness and poverty of modern novels, which is, to a great extent, based upon truth. Mr. Russell finds fault with a prevailing fashion for emotional delicacy rather than for dramatic power, and, as I understand him, wishes to convey that the effeminacy of stories in a great measure is the result of superfine thinking. There is no doubt that we have eliminated, by a fastidious attempt at subjectiveness, a great deal of the interest which arises from strong situations and adventures, and by our best writers having deserted the school in which contrasts of a forcible and distinct kind were formerly introduced with effect. It is not the fault of the principle for which Mr. Russell contends that mere sensation novels are popular, as they represent the vicious production of it to an excessive degree. But I think it is a question fairly open to discussion whether we have lost or gained—even allowing that bigamy and murder are successful contrivances for publishers—by the evolution of so much out of the moral consciousness of authors. This perpetual following up of thought after thought in the subjective style reminds me of Swift's notion of the writer who pursued the ghost of his joke after the body of it had been used up. If the novel is to be the reflection of the outer as well as of the inner life, we should surely have some distinct representation of the colliding of the characters with natural circumstances. People do not exist by brooding or by dwelling on fancies until their minds become unable to separate fancies from realities, and so are described to us in that abnormal condition in which we find them raving in the books of the ladies and gentlemen to whom Mr. Russell refers. I am, Sir, &c.

Dublin.

HARRY CHADWICK, M.A.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I have read Mr. Clark Russell's able and eloquent letter in the current number of your journal, and fully agree with him in his estimate of the influence of poetry upon the fiction of the times. In condemning the novels of certain authors, whose names he might have more boldly stated, he points out an evil which there are few parents in this country who would not like to see exterminated. I am of opinion that the condition into which fiction has been forced by innumerable scribblers must soon come to attract the attention of our statesmen, just like any other social evil which is likely to endanger public morality. Mr. Gladstone seems pioneering the way by the high eulogium he passed upon the *purity* of Sir Walter Scott's writings some short time since. There are many literary statesmen fully capable of doing justice to such a subject.

I am, Sir, &c.,

A MOTHER OF FOUR DAUGHTERS.

REPRESENTATION OF INDIA IN THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Mr. E. B. Eastwick has read a paper in the East India Association on "Representation of India in the Imperial Parliament." I am desirous that this important subject may be fully and fairly discussed. In the course of the paper, Mr. Eastwick has also suggested that the native element should be introduced in the Indian Council. I request you to allow me to make a few remarks upon the paper, of which I find an abstract has been reported.

There is no question that India is not prepared yet to have representative institutions like those of England of the year 1868. But had England, instead of beginning in the small way it did, as circumstances made it necessary, waited for representative institutions till it was prepared for the Reform Bill of 1867, it would have had to wait for ever. Whatever may have been the fate of the representative systems introduced into many European countries, under the peculiarity of powerful opposing forces, being already too strongly developed to be easily wiped off from existence, India is peculiarly suited to an experiment honestly made and carefully carried out. In India everything is undergoing a revolution. The very existence and stability of the English rule depends upon the clearing away of old political traditions, of creating a desire for British institutions as a boon and a blessing from their rulers. As long as the old form of despotism is preserved—as long as the native does not feel a new life inspired into him by institutions of superior order and efficacy—as long as he finds that the British lord is only of the same type as the former lords, with one difference only, that there is no individual oppression—so long it is only natural for him not to become particularly anxious for the preservation of the British rule. Besides, the generations that knew from experience the difference between the former rulers and the present, and may to some extent feel satisfied at the great security and peace enjoyed in the British rule, have and are passing away. New generations are rising, who have not known what former despotism was—who have grown up under the British *régime*, and accept its benefits as matters of course. As they grow up and learn the political condition of their fellow-subjects in other parts of the world, they naturally fret under their own humiliating position; and instead of being pleased and satisfied with the British rule, think themselves worse off, and become dissatisfied. India of the present day is not the India even of the past generation. The peculiar feature of the British constitution, which makes it liked and longed for by the educated natives, is its representative character. It is this which chiefly and most distinctly shows its superiority over the Asiatic or European despots; and when the native sees that that which is the most precious of all gifts in the power of the British rulers is withheld from him, he naturally feels discontented, and asks, "If I am not to be equal to my other fellow-subjects—if I am not to have a voice in the affairs of my country, as my other fellow-subjects have, what good is my being a *British* subject? In what does my pride, my good fortune, consist in being under the British rule?" Mark, it is true that he enjoys greater peace and security, but now he is born with it. As a British subject he claims it as a right, and he asks why his *chief* birthright as an English subject, to be represented, is denied him? This, some may say, is unreasonable; but it is natural—it is human nature. The aspirations are created by the British rulers and by the genius and character of the British Constitution, and it is impossible for a Briton to suppress it with a strong hand; not that he is not able to do so, but he cannot belie his whole character and history. The father of the representative system, he cannot become the destroyer or strangler of it in its birth.

Not to take up much of your space, I come now to the practicability of the proposed reform. A century of British rule has, indeed, created some intelligent constituencies of educated natives. The great of the former times, the remaining aristocracy and monarchies, will form another constituency, who, with their large interests at stake, will hail a boon by which they can make themselves heard in the great council of the British rulers with satisfaction. The principal towns, with their increasing trade and other interests, begin to feel the want of being unable to make themselves heard, and will, if properly directed, soon adapt themselves to the new order of things.

The most practical way, therefore, of supplying the want of the times will be to make the municipal bodies elective. The members in the Legislative Councils should be increased, and also elected. In the Indian Council, as the last resort, and centre of all power, a few natives representing the different interests may prove most valuable, and may be the means of preventing

much unconscious mismanagement arising from the ignorance of the real feelings of the people. But above them all will representation in the Imperial Parliament have the most vivifying effect. All these will give a new life to Indian society; new in every respect. It will be the surest proof of the wishes of the rulers to confer the greatest good upon the country in their power; it will create in the heart of the native an interest in all he does, and especially in all that Government does. It will impart a certain moral feeling of independence and self-respect to him, and cause him to recognise directly the real and generous interests which England takes in his welfare.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

Feb. 12.

ALIQUIS.

THE LATE PROFESSOR FARADAY AND KNIGHTHOOD.—An error crept into the copy of the late Professor Faraday's letter which appeared in our last issue. The writer is made to say "By the Prussian knighthood I do not feel honoured," when it should have been "I do feel honoured."

#### FINE ARTS.

##### MUSIC.

THE performances of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir have been, for many seasons past, among the most interesting specialities of London music. English chorus-singing, for years chiefly confined to theatrical choristers of superficial and imperfect musical training and small artistic impulses, had become so coarse in style and uncertain in intonation that the beauties and refinements of choral music were scarcely ever realized here. The occasional performances of German opera companies and the visits of the Berlin and Cologne choirs first showed a London public what grand and beautiful effects are derivable from a combination of choristers, each possessed of adequate technical knowledge and animated with a higher impulse than the mere earning of the week's salary. The refined performances of Mr. Leslie's choir have, for some years, supplied a want long felt in London music; and it is with pleasure that we find the scheme of the present season enlarged to a series of eight weekly orchestral and choral concerts, with an extra performance. The commencement of this new season was worthily inaugurated, on Thursday week, with a programme of excellent and varied interest, the chief feature in which was the performance of Mendelssohn's noble music to the "Œdipus Colonos" of Sophocles—a work which, since its first production here at Mrs. Anderson's concert in 1850, has been strangely and unjustly neglected among us. Mendelssohn's "Œdipus" music (composed in 1845) is one of those productions which we owe to the taste of the late King of Prussia for revivals of the classical drama—the companion works of the same composer ("Antigone," 1841; "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Athalie," 1843) having likewise been produced at the Prussian Court. Although the "Œdipus" music has perhaps scarcely the sustained interest or the variety of treatment of that to "Antigone," it is so full of noble simplicity, purity, and elevation, that it should (and probably will after the fine performance of Thursday last) be more frequently heard than hitherto. In this, as in his other Greek music, the high dramatic faculty of Mendelssohn is eminently shown. How different the bold and broad outlines and transparent clearness of these works from the deeper and intenser colouring of "Athalie," and the still more romantic tone and picturesque details of the "Walpurgis Night" and "Midsummer Night's Dream!" The singing of the choir (male voices only) on the occasion referred to was excellent; the mingled beauty and dignity of some of the choruses, as, for instance, No. 3, "Thou comest here;" and the pure pathos of others, such as that exquisite lament, "When the health and the strength are gone," being realized with an effect which the music has scarcely before received in an English performance. The remainder of the concert was also of high interest, including, besides a miscellaneous vocal selection, Weber's Concert-Stück and Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, Herr Pauer being the pianist in lieu of Madame Arabella Goddard, who was indisposed.

The Crystal Palace concert of Saturday was rendered interesting by Madame Schumann's splendid performance of her late husband's pianoforte concerto. Such a combination of energy and delicacy, vigorous phrasing and refined expression, is rarely heard now in pianoforte playing. The work, too, is one of the best of that class in which, with his *Lieder*, Schumann most excelled. The pianiste met with a cordial

reception in this as in her other performances of a Gavotte, by Bach, and a "Lied ohne Wörte" by Mendelssohn. The "Cornelius" march, by the latter composer (already noticed by us on its first performance at the concert of Mr. Barnby's choir), was given for the first time here; and pleased as much as before, although rather unfairly placed at the end of the programme.

At Mr. John Francis Barnett's concert on Tuesday, besides a miscellaneous selection, his cantata, the "Ancient Mariner" (produced at the Birmingham Festival last year), was performed for the first time in London, and met with as great success as on the previous occasion. Its favourable reception at Birmingham was recorded by us at the time, together with our opinion that, great as are the musical talent and technical skill displayed in Mr. Barnett's music, and especially in the orchestral details, there is a want of that original dramatic power, and variety of imagination, which alone could parallel in music the vivid impressions suggested by Coleridge's legendary poem. The work was very well performed by an excellent orchestra and chorus—the soprano and contralto solos by the Sisters Doria, who made their first appearance in England on this occasion. These young ladies, daughters of Mr. John Barnett (the well-known composer of the "Mountain Sylph," and uncle of Mr. J. F. Barnett), have been studying and singing in Italy with much success, and seem likely to attain the same result in an English career. Mdlle. Clara has a clear and brilliant soprano voice, reaching to B above the lines, much facility in execution, an excellent shake, and sings scale passages with a truth that is not always realized even by singers of great pretensions. Mdlle. Rosamunda's voice is a contralto of rich quality, and almost a mezzo-soprano compass; and, like her sister, she evinces sound artistic training. Their reception was so deservedly favourable as to open the prospect of a good career for them in their native country. The tenor solos were sung by Mr. G. Perren, and those for the bass were shouted by Mr. Renwick, whose voice deserves better usage than it receives from its proprietor. The cantata was received with loud demonstrations of approval bestowed on it and its composer, who conducted the performance, and afterwards displayed his powers as a pianist by playing Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor.

The programme of the Edinburgh "Reid" Concert, announced for Thursday last, evinces progress in the conduct of that institution since the accession of Mr. Oakeley to the University Musical Professorship. Commencing, as prescribed in General Reid's endowment of the Edinburgh musical chair, with the standing item of that gentleman's "Introduction, Pastorale, Minuet, and March," the concert on this occasion was to include Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," the overtures to "Figaro," "Leonora," and "Masaniello," and Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, performed by Madame Schumann—the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Manns, apparently that of the Crystal Palace.

##### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

*My Love, we'll meet again. Wake, gentle Maiden. Only the Night Winds sigh alone. From Rock to Rock.* (Messrs. Boosey & Co.)—The above are the titles of four of the principal songs from the comic opera of "The Contrabandista," composed by Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, and produced at the St. George's Opera House some weeks since, as noticed by us at the time. The first of these pieces is characterized by much grace of melody, and that peculiar neatness in the accompaniment, simple as it is, which so unmistakably shows the hand of the cultivated musician.—No. 2 is a kind of serenade written in polacca rhythm, rather vivacious than sentimental in character.—No. 3 is another graceful piece, which will, doubtless, find large acceptance in drawing-room circles; as, like the previous songs, it offers no difficulties in execution.—No. 4 is the capital song sung by Mr. Shaw, which has almost invariably been encored in performance. The genuine and unstrained humour of this piece marks out Mr. Sullivan as especially qualified for the composition of comic opera.

*Boosey's Musical Cabinet.*—Among the most recent issues of this musical serial are a selection of pianoforte pieces, by Robert Schumann; a similar selection from the pianoforte works of Franz Schubert—charming specimens of the romantic school; the operas of "Freyschütz" and "Sonnambula," arranged for pianoforte solo—each book published at the low price of one shilling.

*Chappell's Musical Magazine* is also a cheap serial like the above, issued in shilling numbers; among those recently published being Gounod's opera of "Faust," for piano solo.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## BUNSEN'S POSTHUMOUS WORK.\*

THE late Baron Bunsen was one of those learned Germans to whom the present age is indebted for advancing the spirit of inquiry into religious beliefs, while at the same time respecting the sentiment out of which they grow, and the objects to which they aspire. As an ecclesiastical historian and an *Ægyptologist*, he made a considerable impression on the advanced religious thought of the day; and although by some fanatics he has been denounced as a latitudinarian, the eminently Christian tone of his writings is indisputable by all who regard them fairly. The object of the present work is, in fact, a glorifying of Christianity as the great culmination of the Divine purpose in universal history—the most perfect example conceivable or possible of the ideal to which humanity is constantly impelled to rise. This thesis Bunsen proposed to work out by a consideration of the leading theologies of the world, showing how there has always been a perception in the hearts of men of something nobler than the common life of the individual, and how this haunting idea, more or less worthily expressed in various religions, found its only absolute development in the life of Christ, and in the faith that is associated with his name. We say that this was what Bunsen "proposed" to work out—for, unfortunately, he did not live to finish his design. The work now before us is, indeed, complete in itself, though in parts left rather in the rough; but the author intended to follow it up by a series of "Essays towards an Organon of the Philosophy of the History of Mankind," which would have explained more fully the general ideas he desired to enforce, and the absence of which is doubtless an injury to the book now soliciting our attention. That book was the product of Bunsen's declining years, when his health was failing him, and when he was likewise engaged on two other works of enormous dimensions, and of great importance—"Egypt," and the "Commentary on the Bible." He was aware that he could hardly live to finish what he had in hand, and he appears to have hurried on the present work with a precipitation which hindered the fulness, or obscured the clearness, of some portions. These portions have been dealt with by the translator—a lady of high repute in connection with German literature—somewhat at haphazard; but she has had the assistance of eminent scholars, and the chapters relating to the Zoroastrian and Indian religions have been revised by Professor Max Müller, one of the greatest living authorities on such subjects, while those on Plato and Aristotle have had the benefit of the corrections of the Rev. Professor Martineau. The book, therefore, comes before us as favourably as was possible under the circumstances, and it is well worthy the regard of all thoughtful readers. Only two volumes of the translation are as yet issued; but the third is promised for this year, and it will be looked for with interest by all who have possessed themselves of these the earlier portions.

The First Book of Bunsen's treatise consists of a "General Philosophical Introduction," in which the author seeks to lay down his principles in exact scientific form, starting from propositions generally acknowledged, and deducing from these, in regular sequence, the conclusions he wishes to establish. Rejecting the atheistical theory of the universe as unreasonable, he maintains, not only that there is a God, but that He is immanent in the substance of the universe itself. According to this view, "the universe—reaching its climax in the human mind as the end and goal of all—is the unfolding of God's eternal Thought. Thus," continues Bunsen, "are we enabled to hold fast the distinction between the Eternal and the Temporary, the Unconditioned and the Conditioned; between Real Being, transcending all changing phenomena, on the one hand, and, on the other, those phenomena themselves, taking shape according to the laws of the Finite, and, in this their finite evolution, progressively revealing God—the Infinite." Bunsen finds the most perfect modern expression of these truths in the writings of the philosophers of his native land, from Leibnitz to Schelling and Hegel; but he discovers the same ideas in "the great twin stars of the Hellenic firmament, Plato and Aristotle," and in the religious systems of the ancient world. To the German philosophers he attributes the discovery of what he calls the true import of Christianity in the world's history; and it is this import which he desires himself to

render still more clear. The facts of human development, argues Bunsen, have an internal correlation, which constitutes them at once a unity and a gradually evolving series, and this series must have an inherent principle of progress, "for a Divine development can neither be a repetition nor a retrogression." The Divine essence constantly developing itself in ever-widening spheres and higher stages, there must be for every phenomenon "a law which determines its individual existence, and a law which fixes its place in the series of phenomena which form the mutually completing links of one chain." In the same way that a knowledge of astronomy has resulted from observation of the solar system, starting from certain assumptions which investigation has partly confirmed and partly confuted, so the study of so many thousand years of human development should enable us, urges Bunsen, "to recognise the laws of the orbit of humanity; to understand the present; dimly, at least, to forecast the future." The mediaeval conception of an antagonism between God and the material universe, and the modern Voltairean notion that there is nothing in the whole course of history but a set of scattered events having no general purpose or moral, are ideas equally repudiated by our author, who is especially angry with the negative teaching of the French Deistical philosopher and his fellows, whom he describes as "the offspring of a grandiose despair." Surely, he says, there must be some philosophy of history capable of establishing the existence and progressive development of a moral order in the world, "or else Humanity has been insane for six thousand years, only to fall into idiocy in its old age, while it tries to forget, but really aggravates, its misery by brandy and gambling on the Stock Exchange!" We may remark in passing that this outburst of feeling is not very philosophical or exact; for it is untrue that humanity, speaking in the general, is trying to assuage its sorrows by brandy-drinking or financial speculations, and it is too much to present to us such a statement as the necessary alternative of a belief in some definite plan of development in the history of the human race. But, returning to the main argument, we will allow Bunsen to sum up in his own words the general idea he has been striving to construct by slow accretions of reasoning:—

"The history of mankind is, therefore—in so far as it is fruitful of results; in so far as it presents a spectacle of creation, preservation, and renewal—the result of the harmonious action and reaction of two poles; the life of the individual and that of the community in which, and for which, it is his vocation to live. Thus the consciousness of the race resides only in individuals, but exists in them in proportion as the true collective consciousness of mankind at large is revealed in them. All that is great takes its rise from the individual, but only in proportion as he (whoever he may be) offers up his individual self to the whole; therefore, only becomes perfect through death. This highest attestation of a devoted will is the noblest deed possible to the human will; the renunciation of life for the sake of mankind. The corn of wheat must die, ere it can bring forth fruit. Only through a life of self-devotion, is the self, which is originally the vessel of selfishness, transformed into the image in the finite, of the divine love; and not until it has passed through the process of death, does it become a fruitful seed-corn and imperishable germ of life for all humanity.

"The world's history is therefore in this sense the product of individuality purified from egotism. But, again, personal influence is imprisoned within the narrow limits of the duration and energy of a single human life; the question, therefore, is, how are the ideas and purposes of the individual to be carried into effect by the community? The community grows up, expands from a family into a tribe, from a tribe into a nation, from nations to humanity. In this process of development there is necessarily formed a massive external embodiment, and therefore an increased resistance of inert matter to the indwelling spirit that is seeking to transform it. The collective body degenerates, as the idea and purpose of the individual that inspired it become carnalized; and either declines again towards barbarism, or stiffens into dead formalism. Such a decline can alone be arrested by the advent of a new individual, who renovates what is capable of life, and destroys what is doomed to death. Thus every step of progress is a return to the ideal of the existing; and in this ideal lies necessarily the element of progress, because each special realization is but one of its phases. The new life, which the new individual evolves in himself, is planted as a germ in the renovated humanity around him. Thus the various individuals, who from time to time have imparted fresh life to humanity form a progressive series. There must, therefore, once in the ages, appear one who should exhibit in his own person not this or that divine quality, but the eternal thought and loving will of God Himself, comprised within the limits of the finite; not in behalf of a tribe or a people, but for all humanity—God's final thought of man. Such a person cannot point us on again to a higher than Himself, but only to the realization of his life in the community. That life itself does not even chiefly direct our eyes upon itself in its mere transitory manifestation, but upon the Spirit of God, who wrought in it, and radiates vivifying influences from it. Thus alone can it be intelligently apprehended.

"The individual for the nation, the nation for humanity, humanity for God; but each individual in God, and God in each individual: this is the supreme law of existence in this tidal wave of the collective race. The mystery of humanity, as of the universe, is personality;

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that is to say, the existence of a being possessed of consciousness and volition, having his place in the great whole of which he is part, and yet forming an antithesis to that whole. In other words, the co-existence of the free self-determining moral will on the one hand, and of external necessity on the other."

We need hardly add that, in the opinion of Bunsen, "God's final Thought of Man" was revealed and embodied in Jesus. "Even now," he adds, "all believing Jews look for their salvation from a Person divinely enlightened to be a Restorer. But the Christians recognise that the Highest and Holiest Person has come, with his redeeming act of voluntary self-sacrifice, and his consciousness of the Spirit, and that he has, in the face of the whole world, bidden us to look up for all future time to that Divine Spirit whose working was revealed in his earthly life." Thus, the moral development of humanity through many successive stages, and the revelation of the highest ideal in Jesus of Nazareth, to whose example the race is ultimately to conform itself, are, if we understand Bunsen aright, the two great manifestations of the Divine purpose in history. In expounding this conception, he describes and criticises the leading religious and philosophical systems of the world, and brings to the illustration of his ideas a prodigious amount of learning, derived from the storehouses alike of the East and of the West.

Such a work, so planned and so carried out, must of necessity possess great interest, and must open many trains of thought in minds capable of dealing with abstract speculations on the course of human events. It is an unusual thing to find a man so largely concerned in diplomacy and the actual business of politics acquiring a great reputation as a metaphysician, and as one of the most abstruse investigators of the language, literature, and history of remote epochs and obscure nationalities. But Bunsen was a man of enormous capacities of work, often standing to his desk sixteen hours a day, alternately reading and writing with exhaustless energy. He was pre-eminently a scholar and a thinker, and it is in this capacity, rather than as a diplomatist, that he will be remembered. His present work will add to his reputation in England, for it is unquestionably instinct with a lofty spirit, and is characterized by breadth of view and acuteness of reasoning. Yet we cannot say we think the Baron's arguments conclusive, however deserving they may be of respectful consideration. He aims at proving what, at the utmost, can only be guessed. He seeks to give the character of an exact science to that which is simply a sentiment, a surmise, an aspiration, or a faith. He affirms a system where he can show nothing more than a disputable inference from scattered facts and imperfect data; and in this way he runs the risk of provoking a sceptical reaction in minds not indisposed to receive a more modest statement of the same conclusions. Undoubtedly, any one who believes in a Providential guidance of the world believes also that the course of universal history, though it may be a "mighty maze," is "not without a plan." To the Theist such a faith is natural, almost inevitable; and certainly it is comforting amidst much perplexity, and hopeful amidst much that might otherwise incline one to despair. But it is rather a matter of rational belief than of actual demonstration. When a writer, not content with asserting in general terms the reasonableness of such a hope, assumes that he knows precisely what the plan is which regulates the maze, and undertakes to set forth the whole scheme with as much exactness as if he were proving a proposition in Euclid, we see that he is undertaking a great deal more than he can possibly perform, unless (which seems improbable) he has been let into the secrets of Providence. For nothing is more certain than that the ways of God are mysterious and past finding out, and that we can only guess darkly at their ultimate direction. We must not for a moment be supposed to be raising against Bunsen the shallow and vulgar cry of presumption. He had every right to frame for himself whatever theory of the universe seemed to satisfy his reason. But, for ourselves, we have no faith in the capacity of any man to map out the exact designs of Providence in the creation and development of the human race. We may indeed apply to Bunsen what he himself observes of Plato and Aristotle in accounting for their not having even attempted any such interpretation of the laws of history. The philosophers of the present day are, as they were, devoid of the necessary facts for such a stupendous task; "the course of development that lies before their eyes is too brief." We do not affirm that there is no collective sequence and systematic progress in the course of human history; it would be the merest presumption of ignorance to say so, and undoubtedly it seems reasonable to suppose that there is. But we contend that, to human eyes, the course of events is so scattered and broken, the race is so divided into sections, each moving in its own orbit round its

own centre, that a collective sequence, though it may be suspected, cannot be proved. The progress of the race often appears to be very partial and capricious—to shift its ground unaccountably, and to be liable to decline and extinction in places where it once seemed most assured. When Baron Bunsen affirms that he has discovered that which reconciles all these apparent contradictions, it is evident that he is simply making out a case for his own views of what mankind *ought* to believe. To say that the meaning of universal history is the progress of the human race towards the ideal of perfection presented by Christ, may satisfy the devout Christian on purely religious grounds, but, as a matter of philosophy or exact science, it is clearly of no effect. What would the Mohammedan say to such a statement? what the Buddhist, the Brahman, the Confucian, the countless millions of the world who are *not* Christians? Or how does it account for the circumstance that, after more than eighteen centuries, the Christian religion has made scarcely any progress except among the European races and those which are more or less incorporated with them, and that in the very quarter of the globe where it originated it has only a feeble and precarious existence? In saying that Christ has made a certain declaration "in the face of the whole world," Bunsen undoubtedly expresses what all Christians hope and believe will ultimately be the case; but, as a matter of existing fact, it is not so. A vast proportion of the human family are as yet ignorant that any such dispensation is in existence; and it is not open to philosophy to urge as an argument that which is only based upon an anticipation as yet unrealized. We have observed in Bunsen, however, a tendency to hazard extravagant statements which are quite incapable of proof. Thus he says, in the third section of Book I.:—"The course of Nature's development lies completed before us; that of Mind in Humanity is not yet closed." What authority had he for the first of those statements? or how can any man set bounds to the developments of Nature?

We cannot close these volumes without alluding to the eloquent and feeling preface addressed to the Baron's son, the Rev. Henry George de Bunsen, Vicar of Lilleshall, by Dean Stanley. Recalling his intercourse with the deceased statesman and scholar, the Dean exclaims:—

"How deeply was that morning of July 14, 1842, engraven on my recollection, when, on the day after the sudden death of the Duke of Orleans, as I entered his library, he exclaimed, with a sad prophetic utterance, 'Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin—the Orleans dynasty has fallen!' How many a time, in the theological struggles of later years, have pregnant sayings of his returned to me, like stars in the darkness! How often does one remember, with something of almost incredulous wonder, the time when this oracle of Christian learning, learned in all the wisdom of Germany, was heard, without offence, by prelates and by the religious world, both at Lambeth and at Exeter Hall!

"If it be impossible to recall this remarkable phenomenon of our ecclesiastical history without something of a painful longing and regret, as for a golden opportunity lost for ever, yet there is a brighter and more cheering thought, with which I would conclude these scanty reminiscences. He remains in our memories a lasting and living witness, not the less because he is gone from us, of the possibility of the influence of a Christian layman or statesman on the highest questions which can occupy the heart and mind of man. His life-long labours in the cause of truth, and freedom, and charity, whether we agree or not in his particular conclusions, bear an unfailing testimony to the value and the reality of that union of devout reverence with fearless inquiry which we so often hear decried as worthless or chimerical. His death, with a solemnity unusually impressive from the circumstances of his end, put a crowning seal on the strength of those hopes which had animated him through all his conflicts and researches. In those extreme moments it was evident, as he himself said, that amidst the calm of his approaching end, he yet retained to the last his intense interest not only in his family and numerous friends, but in Germany, Prussia, England, Italy. And his sense of a higher world, though expressed with an ever deeper and deeper earnestness, was but the same in thought and word as it had been in the midst of his life and activity. 'Notwithstanding all my weaknesses and shortcomings, I have desired, I have sought for, what is noble here below. But my best experience is that of having known Jesus Christ. . . . Upward—upward, it becomes not darker but always brighter. God is life, love: love that wills—will that loves. *Christus recognoscitur vixit, Christus est vixit.* With Him to be, is to conquer. . . . I see Christ, and I see God through Christ. . . . I commend myself to the recollection of every good man, and I beg him to recollect me with kindness. I offer my blessing, the blessing of an old man, to all who desire it. . . . We only exist in so far as we exist in God, and have eternal life. We have lived in this eternal life, in proportion as we have lived in God. All else is nothing. 'Christ is the Son of God, and we are His children only when the spirit of love, which was in Christ, is in us.'"

The most interesting and valuable portions of the Baron's work consist of his expositions of Oriental philosophy and religion. These are the results of profound reading and study, and add greatly to our knowledge of a wonderful chapter of the human mind.

## MR. BUCHANAN IN PROSE.\*

It is a dangerous experiment for a poet to enter the common ground of prose. He is no longer able to hide himself behind his music. The mists of melody which often baffle the analytic knife are removed, and Apollo confronts us in clear daylight. He is seldom aware of this disadvantage, however. In one or two recent instances he has advanced with an audacious swagger which has for the moment paralyzed his critics; and, while he has delivered himself of his oracular utterances, they have stood by in a kind of cold shiver until it was all over. Afterwards, indeed, they have been inclined to turn again and rend him; and here and there they have mustered up courage to assert that the oracle was no oracle at all, but a muddle-headed play-actor, mouthing blatant platitudes, and scratching, cat-like, at the faces of those who ventured to differ with him. Now, of Mr. Buchanan, as a poet, we have already had occasion to speak highly; and it was not without an uneasy misgiving that we took up this little volume of essays. It is not a grateful thing to speak ill of a man who has proved himself capable of good work in other directions, and who happens to make a mistake in choosing a vehicle which he cannot properly use. But the volume before us will drive no one to such an extremity. It is modestly and thoughtfully written, and will form a graceful foil to Mr. Buchanan's poetical works. Its prevailing merit, as we see it, is the fact that the author writes with his eyes fixed on his subject, not on his readers. He means what he says, and he is concerned that his meaning shall be conveyed honestly, without trick of rhetoric or bombast. The gentle reader (or "still gentler purchaser") who goes to this little book will not find himself gratuitously slapped in the face or mocked with those forms of grotesque defiance with which another young poet loves to adorn his prose. Such antics would have been simply unbearable in a book like the present, which is broadly divided into two portions; the one containing a critical estimate of the vocation of the poet, the other devoted to a fuller narration of the sad story of David Gray. The memoir prefixed to Gray's poems, as some of our readers may remember, was somewhat too subjective in tone. The author seemed to be constantly apologizing for troubling the public with the young poet; and appeared to lose sight of the memoir in his endeavour to strike a cold valuation of Gray's poetic powers. But the life of Gray was an idyll in itself—far more tender and touching than anything he wrote. Mr. Buchanan has written this idyll in verse and in prose, and we rather prefer his prose translation. It is truer, less ornate, and more compact than the poem. In it we are brought face to face with Gray; we hear him speak for himself; his waywardness, his unconscious egotism, his deep affections, and warm aspirations are revealed in their nakedness by his own writings and acts, not by that severe choice and proportionate synthesis which are necessities of the poetic art. Mr. Buchanan's part of this story is admirably done. The narrative is singularly unaffected and simple, and the brief indications of Gray's personal character very delicately and tenderly placed before the reader. The skeleton of this biographical essay was published in the *Cornhill Magazine* some four years ago, and at that time awakened an interest in the story of David Gray which the necessarily limited circulation of "The Luggie, and Other Poems" had failed to produce; but the present memoir is filled with new material of a deeply interesting nature. There is no biography we can think of in literary history which at all approaches that of David Gray in its unvaried sweetness of detail and utter tenderness of pathos.

The remainder of the volume is chiefly given up to definition of the poetic function. We cannot help thinking that it was a blunder to incorporate with this subject (although there are doubtless links of affinity) the essays on Herrick's "Hesperides" and Walt Whitman. The former is a mere enumeration of the outside characteristics of the "Hesperides," such as would suggest themselves to the ordinary reader; while the latter consists of one or two hasty deductions. There are very few of our contemporary writers who could approach the subject of Walt Whitman's poetry with the catholicity of judgment and unbiassed sympathy which Mr. Buchanan possesses; and it is a pity to see that the present essay has been "scamped." If Mr. Buchanan considered that the subject was not worthy of any more careful or elaborate treatment than the exigencies of a magazine article required, he should have exercised a wise selection, and refrained from republishing the few rapid generalizations with which Walt Whitman is here dismissed. Mr. Buchanan's essay on "The Poet, or Seer," is, on the other hand, comprehensive, keenly sympathetic, and subtle. On the

main points of the essay—that the poet must have insight, must be emotional, and possessed of the power of translating that emotion into music—all men are agreed with him; it is in minor divergences that we reap the fruit of Mr. Buchanan's esoteric study. Here, for instance, is a fine passage on the special office of the poet:—

"Nor let it be conceived that vision can exist in its highest splendour in other men than the born Seers. The vision which moves so deeply as to turn the very breath of the soul into music is equalled by no other vision; its discoveries are the most supreme, its significance the most divine. The proof of perfect sight is perfect song; other men may see clearly, but the poets are the discoverers and watchmen of the world; they stand on an eminence and see far into the happy valleys. There is, indeed, a growing tendency in modern life to separate poetry from the poet; but how much is the effect of true song enhanced by the solitary singer on the headland, his white robes blowing in the wind. On such a headland the poet should stand; his face must shine—bright, individual, beautiful—in the midst of his creations. It is not entirely by the character of the vision that we intuitively recognise a genuine 'bit' by Milton, or by Dante, or by Burns; we recognise them chiefly by the temper of the emotion, as expressed in the music; and thus, through all great and genuine poetry, runs that personal note which we call the *characteristique* of the singer. He who is wholly sunk in his art dies with his art. Arts do die; but the true history of literature is the life of men."

He contends elsewhere that the specific aim of art is not pleasure, but *spiritualization*; "and pleasure results from that aim, because the spiritualization of the materials of life renders them, for subtle reasons connected with the soul, more beautifully and deliciously acceptable to the inner consciousness." This, however, is a mere question of terms; the addition of a billiard-ball to a line of billiard-balls does not alter the direction of the force applied at the other end. To prove that spiritualization is alone the aim of art, he would have to prove that spiritualization which did not produce pleasure was sufficient to constitute a work of art. As the question now stands, it is immaterial by what name we designate the influence at which the artist aims, so long as the influence is not allowed to vary. Mr. Buchanan's next essay is on the vocation of the student—an essay which is replete with thoughtful and eloquent passages:—

"Thus, here and there, by the busy wayside, the earthly traveller catches glimpses of faint foot-paths, some leading to places of nesting green, others winding up to the mountain-peaks, others conducting to the brink of waste waters peopled by the phantoms of the clouds. These paths wind to the nooks where the students dwell, hearing faintly from afar the tramp of busy feet and the cry of voices. Not always, however, do the students remain apart. Ever and anon, at the point where the footpath joins the highway, appears a pale face, and a white hand is uplifted demanding silence. The student has stepped down with a message. Ere that message can be heard, the crowd must still itself and pause, and in that pause all loud cries are lost and the student is heard saying: 'Rest awhile and listen to the message I bring you! I want you just for a minute to turn with me to the infinite. Even if my words be worthless, the pause will do you good, and you will struggle along all the more freshly afterwards.' In these pauses is contained the history of all literatures and all arts. In them, at intervals, the eternal calm steals strangely upon the finite unrest. Throughout all these is the whisper: 'Contemporary truth is not final, and there is a light, my brothers, beyond the light of setting suns.'"

He evidently considers that there is some absolute and eternal truth differing from what he calls contemporary truth; and it is in pursuit of the former that the student must live. The advice may be good; but the greatest students of the world, conscious of their limited apprehension, have been only too glad to accept contemporary truth and utter it as best they might. The student is here described as "growing grey in the *vain* search of a truth that is absolutely final." The student, therefore, should keep himself apart from all contemporary action; he should be an outside spectator of the turmoil of his time; he should envelop himself in an atmosphere of "deep philosophic repose," which, begging Mr. Buchanan's pardon, is cousin-german to Mr. Arnold's suicidal "sweetness and light." Mr. Buchanan is unable to understand how Mr. Mill could "have dreamt it possible to reconcile eternal and contemporary truth—to be a student and a politician at the same time." We do not think that Mr. Mill had ever any ambition to reach the "absolutely final," nor that he ever wrote anything in his hours of deep philosophic repose which he fancied would be injured by practical application in the House of Commons. With much that Mr. Buchanan says of Mr. Carlyle we heartily agree; but we should have been glad to see the influence of Mr. Carlyle estimated at its fair value and credited with the good it has unquestionably done to modern literature. Here, as elsewhere (as, for instance, where he talks of Mr. Thackeray working in his own "sickening" fashion), Mr. Buchanan throws about adjectives hastily, and loses that self-forgetfulness and artistic

\* David Gray, and Other Essays, chiefly on Poetry. By Robert Buchanan. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

reticence which mark his essay on David Gray. Finally, he has a word for his critics. We think his vindication of his choice of subjects complete and unanswerable. He seems to fancy, however, that certain "highly intellectual people," of whose opinions he gives us specimens, complain of his poetry because of its subject. To us they seem to do nothing of the kind. They merely suggest that the same poetic gift, expended on material more capable of receiving poetical treatment, would have produced higher results. That is a suggestion which Mr. Buchanan scorns; but he need not throw stones after his retreating opponents, and say that "the little world in which they move is so vulgar and sordid, or so artificial that the further they escape from its suggestions they feel the freer." Why, they actually invite him to enter this world of theirs, and leave the world of "costermongers and their trulls." With that matter, however, we have nothing to do, believing that every artist has a right to choose what material he thinks best for his purpose. His judgment of what is most suited to his special powers is much more likely to be correct than that of his critics; unless they can show that he is unconsciously sacrificing his function to a mistaken theory. This subject is but one of many which are treated in this little volume, and which it would be impossible for us to present in detail. The book is a very interesting one, and, on the whole, highly creditable to its author.

#### A SCOTCH LADY OF THE OLD SCHOOL.\*

LORD LINDSAY designs the little volume described at the foot of this article as a supplement to the "Lives of the Lindsays" which he published several years ago. In that work he gave a brief memoir of the lady whose life he now more elaborately sketches; but he was then only in possession of comparatively slight materials for describing her career, and was consequently obliged to content himself with an imperfect record. Since that time he has come into possession of various letters of the Countess and her contemporaries and friends, and out of these he has compiled a Memoir which will please the curious in family history and in the byways of long-past times. The lady in question belonged to the race of which Lord Lindsay is himself a member, and he follows her fortunes with something like a filial affection, and with an interest which attaches itself even to trifles. Some parts of the volume are, we confess, dry reading enough for us who can simply contemplate the subject from an alien point of view; but to a clannish Scotchman—and all Scotchmen have a sort of family feeling with reference to the whole body of their countrymen—the work will probably be attractive from the first page to the last. A great deal of the matter, moreover, is undoubtedly curious as a picture of Scottish life in former times, and in times rendered memorable by very important events. Anna, Countess of Balcarres, and afterwards of Argyll, was the daughter of Colin, surnamed Ruadh (or the Red), Earl of Seaforth, chief of the great Highland clan of the Mackenzies, by Margaret Seyton, daughter of Alexander, Earl of Dunfermline, Chancellor of Scotland under King James I. She married twice: first, Alexander Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres, who died in exile in 1659; and secondly, Archibald, Earl of Argyll, who was beheaded in 1685. Born herself in 1621, she yet lived to the year 1706, lasting to the then unusual age of eighty-five, and thus bridging the wide gulf which separates the days of James I. from those of Anne. Had she lived another year, she would have seen the legislative union of Scotland and England in the United Kingdom of Great Britain; and, as it was, she lived through the period of the Civil War, the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and the Revolution of 1688, and witnessed the events consequent on the calling in of the House of Orange. Through her husbands and children, "she was actively concerned," says Lord Lindsay, "in many of the important events which occurred during that long interval; and her noble qualities of head and heart rendered her the object of the admiration and attachment not only of her own family, but of several of the wisest and best among her contemporaries, eliciting not only the praise of the illustrious Nonconformist, Richard Baxter, who esteemed her 'the honour of' her 'sex and nation,' but the testimony of the cavalier and classic Cowley, who, in his elegiac verses 'Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres,' does not hesitate to affirm that 'his virtues, and his lady too, were things celestial.' The lady was married to her first husband in 1640, when she was in her eighteenth or nineteenth year, and he in his twenty-second. It is amusing to note, in some of the letters here

printed—letters written by the elderly relatives of the youthful pair—how strongly the Scotch thriftness comes out. The duty of economy is being constantly enforced, and the fair Anna is exhorted to be "an example of parsimony," and is slightly snubbed, though not ungently, for being "a little wilful in the way of her expenses." Lord Lindsay suspects—we have no doubt quite rightly—that "a feminine taste for personal adornment, and a love of having objects of grace and beauty around her," were the causes of this complaint. But the fault (if it were one) soon disappeared, and in the rough times that speedily followed her marriage she had other things to think about. Though born and bred a member of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, and though apparently really attached to that form of ecclesiastical polity, Lord Balcarres conceived that Charles I. was going a great deal too far in attempting to impose on Scotland, in the year 1637, the famous "Service-book," a liturgy nearly the same as that of England, and supposed, by persons of Calvinistical inclinations, to be little better than the Romish mass-book. His lordship therefore joined the Covenanting party, and fought on their side against the King, until his personal misfortunes, and the English conquest of Scotland by Cromwell and his lieutenants, brought him round to the Royalist side. All his efforts for the cause of legitimacy, however, were fruitless, and he died of a broken heart and a worn-out constitution, at Breda, in Holland, in 1659. Lord Lindsay prints a very touching and affectionate letter of his widow, describing his last moments. She married her second husband, the Earl of Argyll, in 1670, and fifteen years afterwards lost him in the troubles of 1685, when he was beheaded for joining in the Monmouth rebellion. Of some previous portions of Argyll's career, Lord Lindsay relates the following particulars:—

"During these many years of Presbyterian depression, Argyll had maintained the quiet tenor of his path, inconspicuous in action, and untroubled by those in power. A Royalist on the Highland hills in 1653, he had been from the first, like Balcarres and Crawford-Lindsay, the friend of constitutional, not of despotic monarchy. After the Restoration, foreseeing the course of events, he 'disengaged himself' (to use the words of a biographer) 'as much as possible from all public affairs, except those which related to his religious profession,'—to that, indeed, 'through the whole of his life, he devoted himself with a consistency and earnestness so pure as almost totally to reject the usual alloy of political party spirit; and thus his affection to monarchy and the regularity of his allegiance remained undisturbed.' This state of things was finally interrupted by the imposition of a new test, or oath, which the Scottish nobility were required to take after the murder of Archibishop Sharpe in 1679, and the subsequent insurrection in the west country,—an oath by which the juror professed his acquiescence in the confession of faith agreed to in the year 1660, and at the same time acknowledged the King as supreme head of the Church, an admission incompatible with the former. When this test was tendered to Argyll as a member of the Privy Council, he declared that he took it 'in so far as it was consistent with itself and with the Protestant religion,'—a qualification for which he was cast into prison, tried, found guilty of treason and lese-majesty, and sentenced to death and forfeiture.

"He was lying in Edinburgh Castle in daily expectation of the order arriving for his execution, when woman's wit intervened for his safety. It was not, however, his wife, but his favourite step-daughter, the sprightly Lady Sophia, who accomplished his escape. Her mother, it is true, had had ample experience of disguise and stratagem in the old days of the rebellion, and her counsel doubtless guided and seconded Lady Sophia's bold and successful enterprise. Having obtained leave to visit him for one half-hour, she brought with her a tall, awkward, country clown as a page, with a fair wig, and his head tied up as if he had been engaged in a fray. On entering she made them change clothes, and at the expiration of the allotted half-hour she bade farewell in a flood of tears to her supposed stepfather, and walked out of the prison with the most perfect dignity and with a slow pace, escorted from the door of the cell by a gentleman of the castle. The sentinel at the drawbridge, a sly Highlander, eyed Argyll hard, but her presence of mind did not desert her; she twitched her train of embroidery, carried in those days by the page, out of his hand, and dropping it in the mud, exclaimed, dashing it across his face, 'Varlet! take that for knowing no better how to carry your lady's garment.' This ill-treatment so confounded the sentinel that he let them pass unquestioned. They had still to pass the main guard, but were not stopped; and then, after the great gate was opened and the lower guard drawn out double, to make a lane for Lady Sophia and her attendants to pass, one of the guard who opened the gate took Argyll by the arm 'rudely enough, and viewed him,' but he again escaped discovery. At the outer gate Lady Sophia stepped into her coach which was waiting for her, handed in still by the gentleman from the castle. Argyll stepped up behind in his character of lackey, but on reaching the weigh-house, or custom-house, slipped quietly off, dived into one of the wynds or narrow streets contiguous to it, and 'shifted for himself.' This cleverly-executed rescue was effected about nine o'clock in the evening of the 20th December, 1681.

"Argyll was conducted by a clergyman of the name of Veitch through unfrequented roads to London, where he lay concealed for some time till means were found for his escape to Holland, in which country he resided the remainder of Charles II.'s reign. Charles was aware of Argyll being in London, but he was not ungenerous, and moreover, as Fountainhall observes, 'ever retained some kindness for

\* A Memoir of Lady Anna Mackenzie, Countess of Balcarres, and afterwards of Argyll. 1621-1706. By Alexander Lord Lindsay, Master of Crawford and Balcarres. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

him ; and when a note was put into his hand, signifying where he was to be found, he tore it up, exclaiming, ' Pooh, pooh ! hunt a hunted partridge ? Fye, for shame ! ' "

The details given by Lord Balcarres of the whole of this period are very interesting ; but we cannot afford space to follow them. An anecdote in the earlier part of the book, however, concerning Lady Balcarres's son, Earl Colin, is too strange a romance to be omitted :—

" A few days after his introduction at Court, Colin fell dangerously ill of a fever ; when, to the surprise and satisfaction of Sir Robert and ultimately of the young sufferer himself, messengers arrived almost hourly at Sir Robert's house to make inquiries after Colin's health on behalf of a young Dutch lady, Mademoiselle Mauritia de Nassau, then residing with her elder sister, Lady Arlington, wife of the Prime Minister. These ladies, with a third sister, Isabella, wife of the gallant Earl of Ossory, were daughters of Louis, Count of Beverwaert and Auverquerque, in Holland, by Elizabeth, Countess of Horn. The young Mauritia had been present at Colin's first presentation at Court, ' and it seems,' to use his grandson's words, ' he was agreeable to her.' On his recovery, Sir Robert sent him to pay his acknowledgments and respects to the young lady, and ere long the day was fixed for their marriage. The Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., Lady Balcarres's quondam charge in 1659, and who was now, like the youthful bridegroom, just sixteen, presented his fair kinswoman with a pair of magnificent emerald earrings on this joyful occasion as his wedding-gift. Everything having been arranged, the day of espousals arrived, the wedding party were assembled in the church, and the bride was ready for the altar ; but, to the dismay of the company, no bridegroom appeared. He was but a boy after all, and the match had been made up, so far as he was concerned, as an affair of convenience, or arrangement ; he had forgotten or miscalculated the day of his marriage, and was discovered in his nightgown and slippers, quietly eating his breakfast. Thus far the tale is told with a smile on the lip, but many a tear was shed at the conclusion. Colin hurried to the church, but in his haste left the ring in his escritoire ; a friend in the company gave him one ; he put his hand behind his back to receive it ; the ceremony went on, and, without looking at it, he placed it on the finger of his fair young bride—it was a mourning ring, with the mort-head and crossed bones, the emblems of mortality ; on perceiving it at the close of the ceremony, she fainted away ; and the evil omen had made such an impression on her mind that, on recovering, she declared she should die within the year, and her presentiment was too truly fulfilled. She died in child-bed less than a twelvemonth afterwards."

We can recommend Lord Lindsay's volume to all who love to wander in the little-frequented nooks of history.

#### NOTES ON WINE.\*

THE taste for drinking wine in this country is happily on the increase, and we are glad to notice that with this increase there is a diminution of the amount of liqueurs drunk which were sold under the disguises of port and sherry. According to Mr. Beckwith, however, champagne would almost come under the head of a "made" wine. It is prepared with a view to national tastes. The Americans like it sweet ; so do the French ; the Russians take it fortified with spirits. We get credit for preferring a strong coarse wine, and it is doctored for us accordingly. Mr. Beckwith says we are wrong in drinking champagne in the middle or at the commencement of dinner. We suspect the custom arose from the fact of our dinner-parties being generally so reserved or stupid until this wine is brought round. Mr. Beckwith is certainly right that "after partaking of champagne it becomes extremely difficult, if not impossible, to do justice to more natural wines." The average quantity produced of champagne is fifty-two millions of gallons. Burgundy is defended by Mr. Beckwith from the charge of being an incentive to gout. He recommends that it should be drunk at and not after dinner. The clarets are divided into very minute classes. Amongst the chief Bordeaux wines we have Château-Margaux, Château-Lafite, Château-Latour, and Haut-Brion ; of the next quality, Mouton, Leoville, Rausan, La Rose, and Cos d'Estournel ; after this, Giscours, Lagrange, Langoa, Boyd-Cantenac ; then St. Pierre, Duluc, Duhard ; and lastly Grand-Puy, Cantemerle, Cos Labory, and Batailley. It is interesting for us to learn that the merchants of Bordeaux sell every year one hundred times as much Château-Lafite (not Lafitte) as is actually produced. Mr. Beckwith considers this reprehensible ; we should call it obtaining money under false pretences. The excuse that they are only following a prescriptive custom does not seem to us to make their case better. Claret is a noble wine when good, and Mr. Beckwith's description is almost poetical in its warmth and colour :—

" The 'body is round,' fruity, and soft as satin ; and all the components are so happily blended into a homogeneous whole, that, during the 'degustation' of good claret, all the senses seem to be simultaneously gratified. It is not, however, merely as a sybaritic luxury

\* Practical Notes on Wine, &c. By Edward Lonsdale Beckwith. London : Smith, Elder, & Co.

that I would wish claret to be known. Higher praise may be accorded to it as one of the most refreshing, the most cooling, and the most invigorating of beverages, easy of digestion, and even assisting that process ; a mildly stimulating and inebriating drink, in every way fulfilling its Scriptural character as a 'wine that maketh glad the heart of man.'

In the *Vins d'Est* is grown a quantity of pale or straw-coloured wine. "French" port and sherry is made for the English consumer at Roussillon. The excuse made for putting brandy into the wines is that it enables them to stand the sea voyage (a mode of preparing for sea voyages not confined to wines) ; it, of course, destroys and vitiates the natural taste and flavour of them. *Vins de Table* include the produce of the Rhône, Gers, Drome, Loire, Seine-et-Oise. Amongst them we get the favourite Hermitage. The vineyard is situated near Tain, and derives its name from the estate having been first cultivated by monks. Another wine of this class is Côte-Rôtie. The quantity of *Vins de Table* produced is very large—about 365 millions of gallons. The average of all the quantities of wine made in France is not less than 831 millions of gallons, exclusive of 165 millions of gallons annually distilled into brandy.

Mr. Beckwith speaks very highly of Johannesberger, and of the old Steinwein (a red Rhine wine), grown near Würzberg. That the wines of the Rhine and the Moselle are more heating than those of France is, he says, indisputable. We should certainly deny this "indisputable" proposition. With regard to Hungarian and Austrian wines, Mr. Beckwith considers tokay very much overrated, and that a fictitious value has been conferred upon certain brands :—

" High-sounding titles are given to wines whose original producers were entirely ignorant of their illustrious paternity. Such a wine is 'Cabinet,' such another is 'Own Growth,' and, on the principle of 'fine feathers' making 'fine birds,' a correspondingly high price is asked. I can only say that no such dignified growths are known in the country where they are said to be grown. The price of wine in Hungary is, throughout, exceedingly moderate ; and it is really an insult to the intelligence of the English people thus to trifle with them. There is little to wonder at, seeing with what facility we are duped, in our character for good taste being held so cheap by foreign nations."

Italy has a few tolerable wines, but that is the most that can be said for them. The vines are badly planted on level plains, and mingled with other vegetables, by which they are deprived of full nourishment. There are also ruinous imposts on the Italian wine-grower, so that as a branch of industry this agriculture is discouraged. Spanish wines possess the advantage of being known by the name of the shippers, and not by that of the vineyard :—

" This plan I have already stated to be the most beneficial to the consumer ; for, independently of the deservedly high character of the merchants of Cadiz and Puerto Santa Maria, their brands bear so high and almost so historical a value that they dare not attach them to an inferior article, and they thus hold themselves morally responsible for every cask of wine that leaves their warehouses. It is to be regretted, however, for the sake of the shippers themselves, that they should indifferently denominate all the white wines of Spain as 'sherry,' for it cannot be doubted that when the facilities of communication increase, and when locomotion is more general in Spain—as it now promises every day to become—we shall begin eagerly to seek not only the wines of Andalusia, but those of Valencia and Granada to the south, and of Catalonia and the Castiles to the north. There is not the slightest reason why as many varieties of Spanish, as of French or Italian, wines should not be brought to light ; but, at present, the resources of the Spanish vineyards are 'things of Spain,' of an equally cloudy nature to most things relating to this 'terra incognita' of European civilization. That French wines should be broadly divided into burgundies and clarets, although there may be two hundred varieties of *vin de Bourgogne*, and as many, or more, of *vin de Bordeaux*, is perfectly feasible. The difference between them is as marked as that which exists between satin and velvet ; but to call by one invariable title the entire produce of an entire country of vast extent, and whose climate varies, according to its conformation, from Siberian asperity to African sultriness, is most unjust, and even more provocative of confusion than that practice, which I have already reprehended, of subdividing the growths of a district into well-nigh infinitesimal classes."

The yield of Spanish wines is enormous, although it is impossible to procure exact numerical returns. The quantity of the *vino del país* may be guessed, however, from the circumstance that when new wine is required to be put in cask, the wine of the preceding year is occasionally poured into the streets, and that in some quarters common wine is used instead of water for mixing with mortar. Mr. Beckwith has a good word for sherry, and tells us it should be "soft without being sweet ; fruity to the taste while in the mouth, but leaving the palate quite clean." Port is losing ground every day, and a good thing too. It is at best a heavy, dull, stupid, and unintellectual drink. Genuine port should be grown in the Alto Douro, but the people of the district treat us as we are treated

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by the honest merchant princes of Bordeaux. We are not surprised to find that Mr. Beckwith, who praises port as a "noble and generous beverage," characterizing the Greek wines Santorin and Patras as mediocre. He is evidently attached to the old school of taste, and we think he is most unjust to the pure and healthy wines of Greece, which are so free from spirit, so refined in quality, and so light and easy of digestion. We say so much for them because he says so little, and says it in so markedly a depreciative spirit. On the whole, however, we have to thank Mr. Beckwith for a useful and interesting little book, written in a pleasing, independent, and clear manner.

## NEW VERSES.\*

The author of "Songs and Verses" seems to think very highly of his poems, to judge from the elegant shape in which he has preserved them, and from his declaration in the preface that the collection has been made mainly in the hope of reviving "in the minds of those who were then pleased to approve of them, a recollection of the feelings that attended their first reception." The songs in this little volume chiefly consist of satirical verses levelled at certain names and Parliamentary measures, which, with one or two exceptions, have ceased to excite attention. The satire is seldom delicate, and recollecting that satire, like a pun, is fruitless unless he who is supposed to laugh is thoroughly conversant with the subject satirized, it is in the present instance seldom obvious. Some notion of the author's powers of satirical humour may be got from the poem on "Stuart Mill on Mind and Matter," in which the concluding stanzas run thus:—

"I'd push my logic further still  
(Though this may have the look of satire);  
I'd prove there's no such man as Mill,  
If Mill disproves both Mind and Matter.  
If there's neither Mind nor Matter,  
Mill's existence, too, we shatter.  
If you still believe in Mill,  
Believe as well in Mind and Matter."

Some of these poems or songs remind us of the stanzas in the "New Bath Guide." The following stanza is very much in the spirit of Anstey:—

"Such a roundabout race I can only compare  
To the whirling engines we mount at a fair;  
Where each rides as in fear lest his steed be forsaken,  
But he ne'er overtakes and is ne'er overtaken."

The image is the happiest in the book. "The Memory of Monboddo" is remarkable only for its rhymes. It is an attempt to satirize the Darwinian theory by reconciling it with that of the eccentric Scotch nobleman who, whenever a child was born used to linger outside the door in order to examine the infant, hoping to discover the connecting link between the man and the monkey, before the doctor—whom he considered a conspirator, together with all his profession, against science—should cut it off. In "Gaster, the First M.A.," we seem to be reading a long extract from the "Fudge Family," marred by the determination of the author to be as original as he can. Indeed, the absence of anything like a distinctive contemporary tone in these songs makes them far more remarkable than their satire makes them. It seems strange to meet with stanzas nowadays instinct with the somewhat dusty spirit of fifty or eighty years ago. The moment you meet with a satirical song to the air of "Derry down," you may pretty easily know from what epoch in our literary history the author would have us think he writes. The best song, and the one that has the liveliest living echo in it is, "Let us all be unhappy on Sunday." Such of our readers as may turn to the volume, however, will hardly think this high praise.

The author of "Lyrics and Bucolics," dedicates his volume to his foes, because he will not give his friends "untested rhymes." Whoever his foes may be and from whatever cause they may be possessed with enmity towards him, it is quite certain that Mr. Noyes could not have hit them harder than by the publication of this volume, because it is a really meritorious production, and the "foes" will have the annoyance of hearing a favourable opinion pretty generally expressed, or we are much mistaken. There is a certain freedom and swing in these translations which not only more resembles the brisk spirit and singing tone of the original, but is truly refreshing after the stiff renderings which have been generally made of Horace's

choicest compositions. Here is a pretty adaptation of the thirty-eighth ode, "Persicos odi, puer, apparatus":—

"The gay gauds of Persia, I hate them, my lad,  
And ribanded wreaths I'd rather not see.  
Why search if there's still a late rose to be had?  
The last rose of summer is nothing to me.  
Mere myrtle is ample for all that I care,  
Pray mingle naught else with the myrtle of mine;  
It is not too fine for a flunkey to wear,  
Or his wine-bibbing liege in his arbour of vine."

Virgil is chiefly associated with the balanced heroic periods of Dryden, Pope, and Johnson. It is when we remember that the lively Eclogues are translated in such periwigged verses as—

"Ah, Tityrus, you, supine and careless laid,  
Play on the pipe beneath the beechen shade,"

that we become grateful for new renderings which, whilst they retain as much of the spirit and force of the original as translations can, vehicle the old Roman thoughts through sweet measures and dainty rhymic melodies. Mr. Noyes takes the trouble to print a short essay upon the nature of his undertaking, in the form of a preface which could have been well spared. Unless a preface tells us something that we did not know before it is of no use. Now what does Mr. Noyes tell us of Eclogue and Pastoral that will not be found in any dictionary? And what of the difficulties of his labours as a translator that has not been adopted as an excuse by every translator that has ever published a collection of "first efforts."

Of Mr. George Auster, author of "Abel Holt," we are very much mistaken if we do not hear again. Though there is nothing remarkable in "Abel Holt" and the other poems comprised in this volume, though the conventional language of poetry is a great deal too much used, and the compositions of Mr. Tennyson a great deal too much imitated, we nevertheless hear amidst the music of many of these productions a certain curious undertone that indicates an order of mind which will rise to eminence if all imitation be steadily rejected, and a course of meditation and study of the classics of many languages be vigorously imposed. It is not easy to conjecture whether Mr. Auster be a young or old man. Some of his fancies are mature enough to indicate an advanced age; whilst others are flippant and imitative enough to suggest the mere tyro. Be this as it may, it is certain that he has in him the germ of much that is good; and few can turn to his present volume of poetry without discerning in it the expression of much that is promising. "Abel Holt" is a story in blank verse, a form of composition that should not be attempted unless the author be perfect—almost supreme—in his command of the English tongue. Mr. Auster is by no means such a one; or if he possesses a more copious declamation than is testified in his compositions, he discards it for the expression which has become conventional through its employment by more or less every magazine-verse-scribbler of the period. Why should this be? Again and again we protest against it. Does the young poet know the danger of suffering his fancies to be moulded by the language which he hears other poets employ? Why must bright and bold thoughts be restrained, dimmed, clipped because of the conventional poetic type of language current amongst inferior thinkers? Mr. Auster is full of original thinking; but he expresses his thoughts so very much like other poets would express their thoughts, that their novelty is blurred by the sense of imitation, and their vigour enervated because they lack their natural expression. Here and there, however, Mr. Auster says what he has to say in the language suggested by the thought:—

"Great longing breeds belief in things  
Where hope dare hardly come."

Like one who sees his first fresh idol melt  
Into a sickening falsity that makes  
The daylight hateful, and so presses in  
The darkness on his eyes.

As empty hearts who love for bitter need  
Lose in a higher love their love.

To think  
Of little fingers plucking the green stalks  
And weaving crowns for baby-brows that shone  
With the reflection of a pleasant home."

This poem is more suggestive of good to come than of actual inherent good. There are many weak lines in it, and it is often rugged and unmusical in its measure. But through its strength and weakness steals the music of an undertone that makes us willing to forgive all fault now, feeling sure that the

\* Songs and Verses, Social and Scientific. By an Old Contributor to Maga. London: Blackwood.  
Lyrics and Bucolics. Translated by T. Herbert Noyes. London: Hotten.  
Abel Holt. By George Auster. London: Bennett.  
Eve: a Poem. London: Hatchard & Co.

time will come when we shall find very much to praise. From the poem called "Sun-Shadows," we could extract many better fancies than are to be found in "Abel Holt." The great mistake of this poem, however, is its resemblance to Tennyson's "Maud." Really to judge from the poetry of the day one would think that only one poet had ever written, and that one Tennyson. Why don't some of our versifiers turn to Shelley, or Keats, or Coleridge, by way of change? "The Sisters" again is imitated from "The May-Queen," and "The Seamstress" bears an obvious likeness to the "Grandmother." The "Dead Love" is original, and here is a stanza from it, as good as anything Mrs. Augusta Webster ever wrote:—

"There's a year-old grave that I know;  
The briar-rose flung it a spray from the hedge;  
But when leaves fall apace,  
In the cold grey light, comes the level snow  
And buries the burying-place.  
Oh, the pitiful snow!"

Let Mr. Auster continue to write like this. One such stanza is worth whole pages of imitation.

"Eve," with five lines from Theocritus to recommend it to popular notice, is one of those small compositions that creep out from time to time, flash for a moment across the pages of reviews, and then disappear for ever. The only merit of "Eve" as a poem is its devotion: stop! we should add its brevity; for after all there is something in *that*, when, in addition to his own imagination, the author has the imagination of Milton to borrow from. One excellent notion may be formed of the rare poetical genius manifested in this composition by the little scene between Adam and Eve after the latter has eaten the fruit. She—

"Trembling, cast herself on Adam's neck,  
And wept the first sad tears of human woe.  
'Oh, Eve! oh, Eve!' he cried with throbbing heart,  
As, lovingly, he clasped her in his arms,  
'What means this strange emotion? speak, oh, speak!'  
She strove to answer, but her utterance  
Was checked by sobs."

This is very modern and very curious. You would almost believe that Adam wore a white waistcoat, and Eve a crinoline, after so very melodramatic an inquiry from Adam.

#### WAYSIDETHOUGHTS.\*

If we are to form any general inference from the names of a great number of the books which come before us, it would appear that one of the greatest difficulties which beset the literature of the present day is the selection of title-pages. Authors would appear to regard a descriptive title-page with about the same horror as an old Tory of the conventionally stupid standard, and unaffected by Mr. Disraeli's educational influences, looks upon Mr. Beales and the Hyde-park meetings. They shun everything that would afford the reader the slightest information with reference to the contents of the book he is about to open. Anything that fits neatly on the back of a book, or sounds well and concisely, possesses a charm which is irresistible. The pretty-looking or the pleasantly-sounding word may be misleading or may be meaningless, but these are disadvantages that should not and never do interfere with its employment.

Professor D'Arcy Thompson has run into the well-worn groove, and has headed his really valuable collection of essays upon education with a title that is singularly misleading. This is to be regretted; for whilst it attracts no class of readers, it directly tends not only to deceive idle people who read merely to be amused, but to repel those who are really interested in the subject of education. We must, however, do the author the justice to say that he does occasionally step outside the question of education, but on these occasions he tells us little that is either very new or very instructive. It is scarcely worth while to tell grown-up people that children in their earliest infancy demand our undivided attention; that man, by the exclusive development of his physical powers, will degenerate into animalism; or that mental speculations carried on for their intrinsic rather than their relative values are apt to become frittered away into impracticable problems.

As a merely descriptive writer, too, the author is not nearly so successful as in other portions of his book. He devotes one of the essays to early school memories; and although he does so with the desire of recalling some of the humorous associa-

tions of boyhood, "to stereotype, ere they vanish, and fix as by photography, old Will-o'-the-Wisp whimsicalities; to sketch the social landscape of the old quaint school, with its occasional lights and its many shadows, before it be too late to sketch—before the setting of the boy-memory within me," we cannot say that he attains all he promised himself. We find few associations with any approach to the humorous—nothing in the least degree whimsical, or having the remotest connection with Will-o'-the-Wisp. Professor D'Arcy Thompson writes earnestly and well upon serious subjects, but he is quite wanting in that fun and keen sense of humour so essential in the reproduction of boyish memories. The following description of a little boy's first joining a public school is very truthful, but it is in no sense funny:—

"It was on a sunny morning in a far away spring-time that I stood between my mother and my brother, by the coach in front of the old Bull and Mouth Inn. I was a little over seven years of age, had just doffed my frock or some equally semi-feminine garment, and was now encased in an imitation horse-hair shirt, yellow-worsted stockings, fustian knee-breeches, a yellow hearth-rug petticoat, and a long blue gown; a red leathern girdle went round my waist; a pair of parson's bibs hung down from my neck; and my hair was cut so short that I think I might have been used, with a little inconvenience to the user and myself, as a hair-brush. I cannot say what my poor dear mother thought of the grotesque-looking article before her. She was bewildered in the midst of her sorrow. I think she looked upon me as a ridiculously small parody upon John the Baptist, bound for years of sojourning in the wilderness, and of feeding there on locusts and wild honey. I went into the wilderness: but, for nine of my twelve years there spent, I fed mentally on locusts only, and the food was very disagreeable.

"There were packed some six of us new bedizenments inside the coach; a greater number clustered on the exterior. To a spectator at a distance it would have seemed as though the conveyance had been settled on by a swarm of unnaturally large bumble-bees. For the space of about ten minutes we were all too sad to speak; we were, in fact, all weeping—going, as it were, to the funeral of our respective childhoods. By-and-by I was seized with a happy thought. Underneath the seat I had a huge cake, within a wrapper of brown paper. It was to be given in charge to my matron, on my arrival at St. Edward's-in-the-Fields; and the dispensation to me of a slice per diem would, it was supposed, extend my memory of home over at least a lunar month. I had recently purchased a large clasp knife; with this I anatomized the cake into thin eccentric sections, and introduced myself by handing them round to my fellow-passengers. Some one from without must have scented our proceedings; for a large brown hand was inserted at the top of the window, by way of mute but intelligible petitioning. Slices were put within the brown hand, until all the outsiders had been supplied; and there was a pause for twenty minutes, when the brown hand reappeared; but the clasp-knife was in my pocket, and there was nothing left for it to cut."

A little further on—owing, perhaps, partly to the circumstance that the author writes with reference to events fresher in his memory, or to the fact that there is an abuse to be exposed and attacked—he evidently feels more at ease with his subject, and he describes his first visit to the university in far happier terms than he had used with reference to his more youthful reminiscences:—

"I knocked timidly, and a little wicket was opened by a middle-aged gentleman in black clerical costume. There was an expression of calm intellectuality in his countenance, and a tallowy complexion seemed to tell of mental labour and physical repose. To my astonishment, this gentleman stepped forward, shouldered my portmanteau, and led the way to rooms temporarily assigned to me—nay, more, on leaving me, he condescended to accept a trifling gratuity. And yet this dignitary was better off in point of total income than I was then, or have been since, or am ever likely to be. He was only a junior porter, and yet his predecessor had recently retired before old age with savings from salary and house-letting that amounted to a settled income of £300 a year. I afterwards ascertained that the regular salary of the head porter was £500 per annum; in other words, one-third in excess above the salary of any of the Government merely intellectual professors in Ireland. The cook and butler, also, I discovered to be men of great possessions. One quadrangle of the college had been built with the aid of some large sum lent by one of these gentlemen for the purpose. One of the two, also, was maintaining his sons in aristocratic state at a leading college elsewhere, where, beyond the smell of the paternal meat or malt, they associated exclusively with the lucky sons of dukes and earls and baronets and landed gentlemen and mercantile princes and college cooks and college butlers. These lucky lads wear silver tassels in their caps and silver braiding on their gowns, and dine at high table in hall with doctors and fellows, like parlour boarders at girls' boarding-schools; and are expected at their departure to bequeath handsome presents of plate, as little boys are required to bring with them knives and forks and spoons to provincial academies; which knives and forks and spoons are seen of the boys' kindred no more."

The Professor exhibits a good deal of honest indignation against the privileges which noblemen enjoy at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. After commenting upon the position held by sizars, the special seats set apart for them in chapel, lest they should rub elbows with "the spangled son of any lucky college butler," the occasions on which they had to wait

\* *Wayside Thoughts: being a Series of Desultory Essays on Education.* By D'Arcy W. Thompson, Author of "Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster," "Salas Attici," &c. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.

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at the hall door until their wealthier brethren had done feeding, and the old practice of the poor scholars bringing the souptureens into the hall for the Fellows' table, he thus mercilessly assails the privileges of the peerage:—

"I remember my surprise when, for the first time, I saw an undergraduate walking about in a Master-of-Arts' gown, with an ordinary unacademic chimney-hat. I naturally supposed that the young man was either muddled with liquor or contumaciously engaged in winning a wager. My surprise was multiplied on learning that this anticipatory and heterogeneous costume was vouchsafed to the youngsters whom Alma Mater—dear, conservative old lady—especially delighted to honour. The youth was a nobleman, son of a Minister of State. He was allowed to take a Master's degree almost at the outset of his estate of pupilhood. The pious fiction was admitted, that a young noble with little or no work could grasp attainments whose acquisition required years and years of toil from middle-class or plebeian students. There were, in fact, certain crotchets of Alma Mater that would have set Heraclitus a-laughing or moved Democritus to tears.

"As a true Englishman, I am deeply thankful for the existence of our House of Lords. I look upon it as the source of half of England's happiness. I should like to be a duke, were it only for the amount of pleasure I should be continually giving. I should feel in my heart that every time I listened to a middle-class countryman I was gratifying him; that when I talked with him I was delighting him; that when I grasped him by the hand I was thrilling him with a kind of holy fervour; that virtue was going out of me. I should consider myself as walking about with an irrigating faculty, scattering pleasure and gratification out of my coat-tails like a watering-cart. When by the marriage ceremony I should have transformed some happy woman into a duchess, the bliss hereby generated would not be confined to her, but emanating from her would traverse, in ever-widening concentric circles, the surface of an entire county, and for moons and moons committees of rejoicings would unwearingly discharge squibs and crackers in a delirious ecstasy of plebeian joy. And even when I died I should for a little while be a distributor of gratification. Clad in the uniform wherein I had glittered at innumerable reviews, with my still breast sparkling with decorations achieved by the number of my acres, the length of my pedigree, and the extent of my Parliamentary influence, I should lie in a solemn and supercilious state, an object of marvel to intelligent spectators, who to a display of fireworks or acrobat skill, almost to the excitement of a prize-fight or a hanging, would prefer the spectacle of a real dead and quasi-pickled duke. I never read without very peculiar emotions that ennobling and truly English couplet, written itself by a nobleman:—

'Let learning, arts, let wealth and commerce die,  
But give, O give us still our old nobility!'

"The institutions of our great universities are not likely to allow in our youth forgetfulness of, or indifference to, the advantages of rank and money. I have known an able-bodied youth, son of a wealthy and titled father, to be plucked at the Horse Guards for the most indubious blunders in spelling; but this illiterate able-bodied youth wore the usual silver tassel in his cap and the usual silver braiding on his academic gown. I have known an earl to be plucked for a matriculation ordeal through which an aged cabman might be made to pass with one year of private instruction; and yet this illiterate lad took precedence in the University church of all the heads of houses, with the exception only of the Vice-Chancellor of the year. I remember once seeing this precedence taken by the youth in question of the burly autocratic, colossally-intellectual and Tudor-like president of our Tudor foundation."

Speaking upon female education, the author says much that is well deserving of consideration; and at a time like the present, when so much is being said and written upon the position which woman holds in the community, and the progress that is being made in the efforts to improve that position, remarks such as the following cannot fail to be read with interest:—

"The goal to which all a girl's thoughts are directed, from childhood upwards, is matrimony. In every tale she reads the heroine is followed by her with absorbing interest, as she pursues a tortuous pathway through two entire volumes and three-quarters of a third to a Rosamond's bower, in which is standing a clergyman in a surplice. Now, surely, in the name of all that is logical, if wedlock is thus to preoccupy all the thoughts of girlhood, it should be kept as carefully before the mind of boyhood as the goal of all ultimate endeavour, seeing that wedlock is a condition that affects one sex as much as the other. At all events, a woman can never be married, but, from the necessities of the case, a man must be married at the same moment. And yet we should regard with unqualified and merited contempt a wretch that should moulder through a sentimental youth into manhood, wasting his thoughts and energies upon mawkish anticipations of connubial bliss. We feel intuitively that a man should pursue some definite useful career, independently of all connected with marriage; that he should take in due time the wife that God may throw in his way; but that until that day, and ever after it, he can only win respect of himself and his fellows by the prosecution of a fixed and honest calling. Why, then, should the world of usefulness be closed against feminine aspirations? Why should all chance of independence be denied? Why should the happiness of half humanity be staked upon what, in seven cases out of ten, is a matter of uttermost contingency? Why should a man be allowed to push his way to fortune, and a woman be compelled to wait until she be pulled into it? It would seem as though we had two separate creeds for the two sexes, and believed in freedom of the will for man, and in fatalism for woman. There is an extremely beautiful fairy tale, exquisitely handled by our Poet Laureate, of a sleeping princess awakened by the true lover's kiss. The story is thus far

true in its suggestions, that warm and reciprocated love throws a superlative charm into the life of man or woman; but it is false if it suggests that woman has no duties or responsibilities of weight anterior to wedlock, and no subsequent duties and responsibilities disconnected with her new condition."

We are sorry that our space will not permit us to follow Professor D'Arcy Thompson to any greater length; and although people in search of gossip and amusement may be disappointed in "Wayside Thoughts," we can strongly recommend the essays to the attention of those who desire to see one of the most important questions of the day discussed with considerable ability by a writer who has evidently given the subject no small share of his attention.

#### OLD DECCAN DAYS.\*

THIS collection of Hindoo mythological narratives is more interesting than would appear at a first glance. According to the dedication and the "Collector's Apology," we find that these legends were collected first of all for the amusement of a child. But the collector finding them to be very curiously illustrative of Indian popular tradition, she continued her labours with the hope of rescuing such of them as she could glean from the "danger of oral tradition." This is praiseworthy enough. Mrs. Frere points out the similarity between the incidents in some of these and in favourite European stories, particularly modern German ones. She might have known that most of our so-called European stories are of Eastern origin: that numbers of them were imported into Europe by the Troubadours, who translated them into the metrical versions of their *Fabliaux*. The Troubadours gathered them at the period of the Crusades; and hence it is that every fresh discovery in the fields of Eastern legendary lore, only serves to show to what an enormous extent European fiction is indebted to Asiatic or Indian invention. "The leading characteristics," she observes, "peculiar to all orthodox fairy tales, are here preserved intact. Stepmothers are always cruel, and stepsisters their willing instruments; giants and ogres are always stupid; youngest daughters more clever than their elder sisters; and the jackal, like his European cousin the fox, usually overcomes every difficulty, and proves a bright moral example of the success of wit against brute force."

Sir Bartle Frere publishes a short but satisfactory preface to the volume. He gives us some curious information concerning the superhuman personages who figure so conspicuously in these legends. Foremost among them is the "Rakshas."

"This being has many features in common with the demoniacal Ogre of other lands. The giant bulk and terrible teeth of his usual form are the universal attributes of his congener. His habit of feasting on dead bodies will remind the reader of the Arabian Ghoul, while the simplicity and stupidity which qualify the supernatural powers of the Rakshas, and usually enable the quick-witted mortal to gain the victory over him, will recall many humorous passages in which giants figure in our own Norse and Teutonic legends."

According to Sir Bartle, the terror which the supposed haunt of a Rakshas will inspire even grown men is ludicrous. "I have heard," he says, "the cries of a belated traveller calling for help attributed to a Rakshas luring his prey." A man was asked why he looked so intently at a human footstep in the forest pathway. He gravely replied, that the footmark looked as if the foot which made it had been walking heel foremost, and must therefore have been made by a Rakshas, "for they always walked so when in human form." In other parts of the country the "Bhoot" supersedes the Rakshas. This monster bears a close resemblance to the ghost of European superstition.

"Even in this diluted form," says Sir Bartle Frere, "such beings have an influence over Indian imaginations to which it is difficult in these days to find any parallel in Europe. I found quite lately a traditional order in existence at Government House, Dupoorie, near Poonah, which directed the native sentry on guard 'to present arms if a cat or a dog, jackal, or goat, entered or left the house, or crossed near his beat' during certain hours of the night, 'because it was the ghost of a former governor, who was still remembered as one of the best and kindest of men.'

In the hills and deserts of Sind, a wild and desolate tract, the Rakshas changes its name again for "Gin." Here it is a wayward, morose, but not always malignant creature. Its usual form is that of a human dwarf. It has large eyes and is covered with long hair. It breathes with a heavy, snoring kind of noise. It does not always retain its shape,

\* Old Deccan Days. Collected from Oral Tradition. By M. Frere. With an Introduction and Notes, by Sir Bartle Frere. London: John Murray.

however, but frequently assumes that of a camel or a goat. The traveller, on meeting a gin, is recommended to testify no symptoms of alarm. He must be very polite to it; for it seems that the fiend, curious enough, strongly objects to bad language. Sometimes a gin will make friends with a man. His attachment then will be sincere and lasting. It will "sometimes show him the entrance to those great subterranean caverns under the hills, where there is perpetual spring, and trees laden with fruits of gold and precious stones; but the mortal, once admitted to such a paradise, is never allowed to leave it." In this superstition we seem to find the origin of the story of "Aladdin."

These stories are supposed to be, or are actually, told by one Anna Liberata de Souza, a native woman; and her language, in the first portion of this collection, is preserved. We confess we see little use in the preservation of this uncouth English. Her editor calls her language "expressive, but broken English." We do not know how it might be when aided by the tumultuous gesticulation of the narrator; but in its printed shape it reads curiously, and is a mistake. With this exception, the work merits approbation.

#### TALES.\*

MRS. SEWELL has thrown her story of "After Life" into a shape that is only attractive when it forms a portion of pure narrative. Fragmentary assistance from a diary is no doubt of great help when a novelist has some hideous secret to unfold which he does not like his heroine to declare *in propria personæ*. When it comes, however, to a systematic diary which extends to such a size as would make four good circulating-library volumes, then the manner of development becomes very tedious, and we are very thankful when the book is over. Into the composition of a diary so many puerile elements enter as to detract seriously from the interest of the main episode, which it is the business of the diary to record. This is the evil of "After Life." It consists of a diary which tells with feeble minuteness of a very great deal which, if not exceedingly stale, is at all events exceedingly uninteresting. What do we care (out of Murray) for an exact description of a hotel—such as this:—

"Paris, October 4.—This hotel is particularly comfortable: the servants are so thoughtful and attentive; but it is rather expensive, as there is no *table d'hôte*, and they charge six francs for a private room."

This kind of thing may look very nice in print—to the author; but we beg to assure her that there is hardly a young lady abroad in whose correspondence will not be found passages of equal eloquence and graphic force. Yet no such young lady ever thinks of printing her correspondence. Here is another remark which shows the capability of the author as an art-critic:—

"The famous Murillo I do not admire. That particular subject, 'The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin,' never touches me; and in order heartily to enjoy a picture, I must enter into the subject as well as admire the painting."

First of all we would like to inquire the *et sequitur* of the conjunction "and" in the last sentence. And then we will ask the author whether she seriously believes anybody in this world is capable, any more than herself, of enjoying a picture without being able to enter into the subject? She might as reasonably expect the temperature of water to be ascertained by merely looking at it. One character, of which the value, as far as the fiction is concerned, is not obvious, dies in a very short time after the story has commenced. Cecil, however, is not a bad sketch of one of those consumptive, weak girls, whom you sometimes meet taking a tour abroad for their health. There is a curious mixture of prettiness and puerility, of truth and unnecessary instancing, in the following extract:—

"November 18. The darling child is sinking fast. It is inexplicably grievous to me to be obliged to leave the task of nursing to others, though they do it far better than I should; but I have my few quiet moments at night, which no one can interfere with; and so also I always read with her a very little in the morning. She does not say much; but she rests calmly in the sense of her Saviour's love. At first she had a wish to live; but that feeling is gone now. There is still the slight wandering of the mind occasionally; but she soon seems to recover from it. It is strange to me to watch her singularly increasing beauty. The flush of fever on her cheeks prevents her from having the ghastly look of disease; and she has become so

\* After Life. By Elizabeth M. Sewell. London: Longmans.  
Edith Sydney. By F. M. Oxenham. London: Burns & Oates.  
Lucretia. By the Author of the "Owl of Owlstone Edge." London: Masters.  
Nellie Netterville. A Tale. London: Burns & Oates.

etherealized—it is the only expression I can use—I can scarcely now recall her as the ruddy, strong English girl, whom one would only have noticed as being so pleasant and good-humoured-looking."

In spite of one or two good features about the diary, we think Mrs. Sewell would have acted more wisely had she kept it locked up in her desk for her own private perusal.

"Edith Sydney" is a harmless sectarian story which relates of a young girl who, from a condition of profound scepticism is converted to the Church of Rome. It is rather difficult to know to whom this little book appeals, whether to the old or the young. It has not the right elements of fiction in it to interest the old; and at the same time it is considerably too advanced in thought to entertain the young. The character of Edith Sydney will not win much sympathy, even from those who will be pleased to learn how, after such determined infidelity, she entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity, "escorted to Paris by Mr. Bruce, at the request of Father Joseph, who said that he could not trust her in better hands than in those of his worthy sacristan." No one can care very much for a young lady who is for ever turning glances of the most unmitigated contempt on people; and who, in addition to many other vagaries, is guilty of long speeches on abstruse theological matters. Here is a specimen of her declamation:—

"Well," said Edith, "it seems to be about as sensible as if you were to assert that there was only one nation in the world. Even waiving the claims of Dissenting bodies to call themselves Churches, there is the Roman Church and the Greek Church and the English Church and the Russian Church and the Scotch Church, and I don't know how many Eastern ones besides—Syriac, Coptic, Armenian, more than I know the names of. I understand what a Roman Catholic means by saying there is only one Church, because he does not admit the right of any other to call itself a Church at all; but what on earth a Protestant means by it passes my comprehension. It is a mere quibble to talk about the branches of the same Church; how can they be, when they have no communion with each other?"

From this and much more it is plain that the character of Edith Sydney is nothing more than an embodiment of the author's views on religion in general, and his own in particular. Is it complimentary, however, to his own faith, for him to have assumed scepticism as the point from which to view differences of belief?

"Lucretia, or the Heroine of the Nineteenth Century," like "After Life," is a string of correspondence. It is so extremely foolish, its language is so weak, its sentiments so frivolous, its whole tone so contemptible, that we think we sufficiently discharge our duty as critic in advising our readers to leave it alone.

"Nellie Netterville" is a thoroughly good book for young readers. It tells a pretty story in simple language, and is almost certain to become a great favourite with little folk. It presents no particular feature for criticism, and leaves us no pleasanter task than to cordially commend it to those whose little ones are far enough advanced to be able to appreciate the trials of virtue, the evils of sin, and the advantages of good little girls.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Angler's Diary and Fisherman's Guide to the Rivers and Lakes of the World; to which is added Forms for Registering the Fish taken during the Year 1868.* By J. E. B. E. (Horace Cox.)

The directory at the commencement of this handy little note-book is a most useful guide for an angler. It tells him, under alphabetical headings, the best rivers, the general run of the trout, and how the waters are preserved. Even the nearest railway station to the bank is not forgotten. We miss, however, a few Irish rivers which ought to be added. The Awbeg, near Doneraile, is a splendid stream; near Tallow, the Bride runs into the Blackwater, and contains perhaps the finest trout to be got in any river in Ireland. The Flesk, in Killarney, a good river for white trout and salmon, is also omitted. The memoranda and diary portions seem to leave nothing to be desired. The nature of your fish, his size in pounds and ounces, the total weight of creel for the day, the largest fish killed, the "expenses," locality, and "remarks," have all respective columns, to be filled in by the angler. If we are to judge by the pleasure it gives us to revert to a diary not quite so formal as this, we can sincerely recommend one in so complete a form. There is no greater pleasure for an angler when his year is closed than to turn over the pages of his diary (never mind the column for "expenses") and read the abstract and brief chronicle of his fortunate and unfortunate days.

*Translations of English Poetry into Latin Verse: designed as a part of a New Method for Instruction in Latin.* By Francis W. Newman. (Trübner.)

We object to the translation of English poetry into Latin as a rule—that is to say, when the translated pieces are published as a literary

achievement, or as a contribution to Latin literature. Mr. Newman, however, tells us in his preface that these translations were made by him for a very different purpose—viz., to provide easy reading for beginners in Latin. This is a reasonable thing, because Latin thus written will naturally not be loaded with idioms and allusions which obstruct the easy acquisition of the body of the Latin vocabulary and grammar. We fully agree with the sensible remarks Mr. Newman makes in his preface with respect to the method of learning Latin. He is quite right in saying we ought to learn the language first, and study the literature after. Grammar should follow the pupil, not precede him; and should be concrete, not abstract; practical, not ambitious; and, by collation of examples or lists of words, should rather suggest than express generalization. The pupil should learn the material of the language abundantly. The pieces which Mr. Newman has chosen for translation into Latin form one of the choicest collections of poetic gems which we have seen; and although the selection of English poetic bijoux was not the main object of the book, it is so tastefully made that this volume is far superior to the many selections from English poets which have lately appeared, which consist either of indiscriminate clippings or hackneyed quotations from a few standard writers.

*The Old Lieutenant and his Son.* By Dr. Norman Macleod. (Alexander Strahan.)

Dr. Macleod ought to be a happy man. His books so naturally go through several editions that the publishers seem to think it unnecessary to specify the particular stage at which each copy has arrived. We have no means of knowing, therefore, which edition of "The Old Lieutenant and his Son" the present volume represents; but we can safely say to any of our readers who have not as yet made the acquaintance of the work that they will not regret doing so now. We have already spoken of this charming story, of its shrewd, practical common sense, of its unaffected piety, and of its occasional vivid literary excellence. It remains only to add, therefore, that Messrs. Strahan & Co. have given the present edition the advantages of good paper, clear type, and pretty binding.

*The Art Journal for February.* (Virtue & Co.)

Together with a further instalment of pictures from the Paris Exhibition, and woodcut illustrations of various articles, the *Art Journal* presents its subscribers with two steel plates—"De Foe in the Pillory," engraved by J. C. Armytage from the picture by E. Crowe—an admirable piece of street life, distinguished by picturesque architecture, effective costumes, and varied action; and "The Wayfarers," engraved by C. Cousen from the original by Creswick and Goodall—a charming English landscape, true to nature, yet not too realistic. The literary matter is marked by its usual character.

*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.* Parts I. and II. (Bradbury, Evans, & Co.)

The illustrations to this edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" are by the late Mr. C. H. Bennett, and are signalized by invention, strongly marked character, and vigorous drawing—the characteristics of most of Mr. Bennett's designs. The profits arising from the sale will be given for the benefit of the artist's family, and we sincerely hope that the profits will be large.

We have also received:—*The Theory of Business*, by John Laing, second edition (Longmans);—*The Gardeners' Magazine*, edited by Shirley Hibberd, Esq. (Allen);—*Lectures*, by B. C. Jones, sixth series (Allen);—*The Pupils of St. John the Divine* (Macmillan);—*Tom Brown's Schooldays*, by an Old Boy (Macmillan);—*The Sling and the Stone*, by Charles Voysey (Trübner).

THE New York Tribune publishes a letter received by one of its correspondents from Mr. Goldwin Smith, in which he states the object of his contemplated visit to America. "I am going," he writes, "to devote myself to the study, and if, after due study, I feel equal to the task, to the composition of American history. With this view I shall probably take up my abode in the United States in the course of the summer. At what place must depend partly on the exigencies of my study. I must be where there are books and records, and where I can obtain permission to use them. My undertaking necessarily implies a prolonged residence in the country where it must be carried on. But I am not going to seek naturalization in America, or to cast off my allegiance to my own sovereign and my native land. I shall be a candidate for no citizenship in America but that of the Republic of Letters. In the present state of English affairs, I can imagine, though I do not anticipate, the occurrence of a crisis which will render it incumbent on the honour of every Englishman to share, though he might be unable to influence, the destinies of his country."

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Armstrong (R.), Practical English Grammar. 12mo., 1s.  
Belgrave. Edited by Miss Braddon. Vol. IV. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
Bell (C. D.), Ross's Wish, and How she attained it. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
Blair (Hugh), Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
Book (The) of Job. Translated by the Rev. J. M. Rodwell. 2nd edit. 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
Boyle (F.), A Ride across a Continent. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.  
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